

Field Notes of
Chester Barlow
1892 - 1894

Purchased from Mrs. Wilhelmina Bennett, by Req. No. 64, Dec. 20, 1929, pp. 382-483,
with Notebook for 1898-1902, original data for sets of eggs, and
165 photographic negatives.

Property of Museum of Vertebrate Zoology

Circular soliciting orders for
California Murre eggs, 1894,
Barlow and Osgood.

INDEX. 99 White-tailed 110, 127, 142.

AUKLET, Cassin's. 56.

BLACKBIRD, Bicolored, 5.

" Brewer's, 109, 0435.101 , Mason's Nest , MALLARD, Duck's nest

Bush-Tit, Cala. I, 8I, 95, I40..3II

Chat, Long-tailed, 8. .02 .sds0 ent no astoN ,erruM

Coot, American, Taking eggs of,

Cormorant, Brandt's, 49. .881 ,TSMH ,yetsW ,JHSUO

Cormorant, Baird's, 43.

Cormorant, Farallone 45.

EARLY NESTING, 85, 119.

Eagle, Golden, I28, I36. .III, 500W nretnaw, seweP

Farallones, Trip to, 15--80. .80

Farallones, Description of, 26. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877.

Farallones, Last Day on the, 76.47

Flight of Barn Owl, Peculiar, 135. 116 Robin, Western

Flycatcher, Little, I2, I3.

Flycatcher, Western, II5.

GROSBEAK, Black-headed 6, II, III, II2.

Goldfinch, Arkansas, 113, 118. *benwore-nabfo5* "

Gull, Western, Notes on, 36. .801 .72110 .wofl3w2

Gull, Hermann's, 141.

Guillemot, Pigeon, CO. OPI, ИОМАНИО, ЛАНТ

HAWK, Redtail (W), 83, 89, 121, 123, 134.

Hawk, Red-bellied, 136. .0 ,bestut ,sewomtIT

Hawk, Sparrow, 135. .89 .n1s19 ,easomt11

Hawk, Sharp-shinned, 117.

Hummingbird, Anna's. 85, 87, 90, 91, 109, 119, 122, 125

and I32.

JAY, California 97.

WRENCH, ROCK, 03, TULE, 104, 141, PARKMAN, 115, VICTORS

KITE, White-tailed 99, 103, 110, 137, 142.

Kingbird, Arkansas 115.

Lazuli, Bunting, 5, 113.

Lark, Meadow, 43.

MALLARD, Duck's nest, 101, 140.

May 30th Trip, 113, 141, 181.

Marsh, Trip to, 94, 101.

Murre, Notes on the Cala. 29.

NUTTALL'S Woodpecker, 135.

OUZEL, Water, NEST, 138.

Owl, Am. Barn, 97, 103, 107, 136, 137, 141.

" Screech, Cala. 97, 107, 138, 144.

" West. Gt. Horned, 124.

PETREL, Ashy, 67.

Pewee, Western Wood, 115.

Phoebe, Black, Nest of, 95.

Plain Tit, 98.

Puffin, Tufted, 52.

RAVEN, Northern, 74.

Robin, Western 116, 140.

SAPSUCKER, Red-breasted, 127.

Shrike, Cala. 81, 88, 130, 133, 134, 136.

Sparrow, Chipping, 109.

" Samuels Song, 12, 93.

" Golden-crowned, 135.

Swallow, Cliff, 108.

Swallow, Violet-green, 137.

TEAL, CINNAMON, 140

Thrush, Russet-backed, 1, 10, 111.

Thrush, Varied, 121, 131, 138, 141, 144.

Titmouse, Tufted, 0.

Titmouse, Plain, 98.

Towhee, Cala. 7. SPURRED, 135.

VIREO, Warbling, Nest of, 114.

WARBLER, Yellow, 9, 104, 106, 115. LUTESCENT, 116. PILE 93, 105.

Woodpecker, Nuttall's, 131.

Wrens, Rock, 63. TULE, 104, 141. PARKMAN, 115. VIGORS

5

I

Season of 1892-

The best time for Californian Bushlits is early in April and also throughout the month. Their favorite trees seem to be oaks along creeks. Many nests are found in eucalyptus trees.

The first sets of Anna's and Rufous Hummingbirds are found in February and the early part of March. The second sets can be taken in May and April.

May 27th - This evening I went to the Guadalupe Creek for Russet backed thrush's eggs. I had previously located two nests of the Russet-back. The first one I found, to my sorrow had

come under the notice of some other collector who had gathered them in. I made great haste to see the other nest which was a mile farther down the creek. As I came within a quarter of a mile of it I commenced to carelessly look for nests. I ran onto a Russet backed located in a few maple bushes.

The bird did not leave the nest until I touched the limb it was on. She then glided off and I found 4 nice fresh eggs, a set to make a collector's eyes sparkle. The nest was made on the bottom of grasses and what had once been wet maple leaves. These were matted together so that they formed a solid, heavy mass. The nest was lined with fine pieces of dried leaves and

presented an "oldish" appearance. I at once placed the set of eggs in my box and continued on toward the nest I had located. I had proceeded but a few yards when I glanced up the side of the bank and saw another bird on its nest. It was in an elder bush near a few maples and about four feet from the ground. In it were four eggs about five days advanced in incubation. These were smaller and less spotted than my first set. I, of course, collected them.

Having now collected two sets (all I had counted on) I was happy, but proceeded on to learn the fate of my known nest. I soon came to it and to my surprise

(4)
found the bird on. The nest
contained four fresh eggs which
I blew there and there. The
nest was on a maple shoot
about five feet from the ground.
In construction it was i-
dentical to the preceding two. I
was jubilant over my success
and also over the failure of
previous collectors who may
have passed that way. As I
proceeded back along the path
through the dense growth of
brush which kept the ground
mouldy and moist, a little
bird flew from a mass of
drift stuff and weeds near the
roots of an old tree. I commenced
to search and soon found the
nest in a small bunch of weeds.
It was $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the ground
composed of fine, light grasses, cobwebs
and a little moss.

It was a fluffy affair and was lined with red roots resembling horsehair. The nest was fastened to a small briar stalk by moss and cobwebs. It had in it four (4) fresh eggs, of a bluish white color. I took a description of the bird as follows - size of sparrow, general color, brownish gray; throat, a bright brown and crown of head, black. The bird uttered a harsh "clit" when I ventured near the nest. The eggs were as large as a bluebird's and nearly oval. After some difficulty, I positively identified the bird as a Lazuli Bunting.

May 28, 1892 "I went to a small bunch of tules near Santa Clara and took a set of four fresh Bicolored Black-

bird's eggs and a set of three, considerably incubated. The eggs and nests were as usual.

I went to the creek and found a Yellow Warbler's nest with young. I also found a Black-headed Grosbeak's nest containing large young birds. The nest was a careless affair, made loosely of sticks and could almost be seen through. It was in a willow bush in a young near the top. The nests of this species are easily located by the great noise the birds make when you approach. I located a Russet-backed Thrush's nest with two eggs and left it to complete the set.

May 29/92. Took a walk to the Guadalupe Creek. Located a nest of the Californian

7

Towhee with two eggs, which I left until the complement should be completed.

May. 30/92. Today was a holiday and W. & Osgood and myself went to the Creek for eggs. We started at 7:30 and after a pleasant walk reached the Guadalupe. We went to my Cal. Towhee's nest and I took the three fresh eggs which is the usual number deposited. The nest was of grasses etc. and lined with horsehair. It was situated in the center of a willow bush on a pile of drift material. We blew the eggs and proceeded to my thrasher's nest. It had only 3 eggs in it but the bird was

8

8

setting so I collected them. Nest
of leaves and a few pieces of
grass and lined with rotten
leaves. It was in a willow bush
7 feet from the ground. After a
long walk and much searching
"O" found a nest and four nearly
fresh eggs of a bird which we
identified as a Long-tailed Chat.
The eggs were beauties — creamy
white and spotted all over with
small blotches of bright brown.

The bird is about the size
of a Blackbird but is a bright
yellow and has a long tail as
the name indicates.

The eggs look like Meadow
Larks. The nest was of fine
grasses and lined with roots
like horse hair. Situated in a
willow bush on the creek about
four feet from the ground.

We continued down the

Creek and each located a
Russet-backed's nest containing
1 and 2 eggs respectively. These
we left to be culled for
on a subsequent visit. After
eating lunch beneath an oak
tree, we crossed the Creek
and hunted towards home.
Osgood found a Thrush's nest
containing four incubated
eggs which he blew. I then
found a set of 4 fresh ones
and took them. Nest as usual.
Placed in a blackberry thicket
5 feet from the ground.

More walking and I no-
ticed a small nest in the
crotch of a maple tree, 15
feet from the ground. I
climbed for it and was
rewarded with a set of 4
beautiful Yellow Warblers eggs.
I preserved the nest.

This done, the sun was doing his best to make things hot for us and we retired from the field. Thus ended a days tramp, which couched in the choice expression of the average young zoological writer, - was "one never to be forgotten".

June 2/92 - I went to the Guadalupe Creek this afternoon again for eggs. I first found a Thrush's nest in a willow bush, 6 feet from the ground containing 4 fresh eggs. Nest as usual.

Also secured 758 nest with three eggs, nearly fresh. Nest on a willow bush near the ground and composed of grasses and leaves.

As I was walking

near the water I glanced
up and saw a very loose
nest in the crotch of a
little willow bush about
5 feet from the ground. It
proved to be a Black-headed
Grosbeak's nest and con-
tained four eggs, considerably
incubated. I collected them.

The nest was about 5 inches
across and had a slight de-
pression in the center. Made
of dried twigs and roots.

The boy who went with
me secured 3 sets of Russet
backs and an advanced set
of 4 Lazuli Bunting.

The Creek is thick
with all kinds of birds and
a place containing more
nests would be hard to
find.

June 7/92

I went to the Guadalupe and collected a set of 3 fresh Samuel's Song Sparrow's eggs. Nest in a bush four feet from the ground. Made of tule grass and weed stems and lined with horse hair. Bird on nest. I went to a thrush's nest but it contained nothing. I expected to get a set of 4 Black-headed Grosbeaks that I knew of but some other "jay" had got there before me.

June 14/92

Went to the Creek and took a set of four little Flycatchers with nest. The nest was placed in a crotch of a willow limb of a bush overhanging the creek.

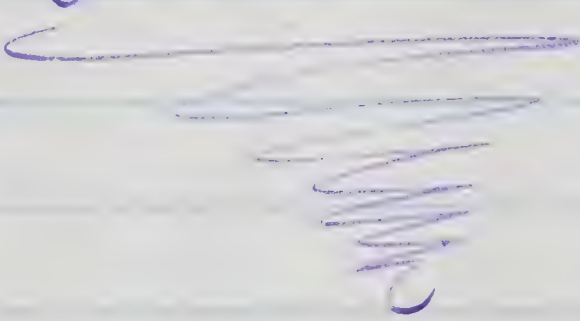
It was composed of fine grasses and moss and also some wooly material. The lining was of fine roots resembling horse hair. The eggs are a creamy white when fresh, sparsely spotted on the large end with reddish brown.

I also took a set of 3 Russet-backed Thrush. Nest same as ever. These eggs were lighter than usual, probably being the 2nd or 3rd set of the same bird.

Towards the last of the season I found a nest of Little Flycatcher in a Willow bush with one egg in. I left it and returned in five days but still there was but one egg.

The female was around the nest but as I did not call around again, I never ascertained whether more eggs were laid or the single one incubated.

The first and second weeks in June are undoubtedly the best time for taking fresh eggs of the Little Flycatcher.



TRIP TO THE FARALLONES.

1515

Chronology of the Collecting Season

I arrived in San Francisco July 2nd, 1892 intending to go to the Farallones at my first chance. My cousin,

Mr Kirschbaum was to accompany me but as he had planned to spend the 4th in the city I found I could not have his company, unless I waited until after the 4th, so I reconciled myself and prepared to make the best of it.

I paid my respects to the Cal. Academy of Sciences and the Mining Bureau, both places being rich in sights of interest to the naturalists.

Finally 4th of July came and was a day of noise and

bluster. We were kept busy running after fire engines, for alarms were coming in every five or ten minutes. At about 11 o'clock we went to my brother's house and there prepared to wait for the time when we should go to the wharf.

* * * *

On July 3rd I went to the Appraiser's Building and saw the Lighthouse Inspector. After a laborious climb up several flights of creaking stairs, and passing numerous government rooms I reached the fourth floor and was ushered into the presence of his Highness - Capt Perry, Lighthouse Inspector. After I had acquainted him with my desires he willingly gave me a permit to visit the Islands. I then

left with the previous document
"in my inside pocket." On
the afternoon of the 4th
I went to the wharf and
enquired, whether a "tug" would
go out next morning. The
Superintendent did not know
but hinted that the "Active"
would probably leave in the
morning. It is a usual
thing for these tugs to leave
at 12 or 3 a.m. but I
was informed that the "Active"
would not leave until 6
o'clock, as it was the morning
after the 4th and the crew
would likely be off celebrating
during the night. So with
this information we went
home at 11 o'clock and
prepared to wait for morning

* * * * *

We arrived at the house at about 11 o'clock and as I could not trust my cousin to keep watch, he went to bed. I dozed and read until 12:45 a.m.

We intended to leave for the wharf at 2 o'clock so as to be on time in case the tug left before 6. So at 12:45 I laid down to sleep for exactly $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. But alas! The amusement of the day had made me tired and when once I got to sleep it was a question if time when I should awake.

Suddenly I was aroused by my brother's voice announcing it was 4 o'clock. We were up and dressed inside of two minutes and putting on our overcoats prepared to make for

the wharf. Each carried a camera and a basket containing a roll of cotton. Blowpipes etc were thrown miscellaneously into the baskets.

We had intended to eat a lunch before starting but we did not stop. A few minutes more and we were hurrying down Market Street toward the wharf.

No street cars were running and we had fully a mile to walk. Nothing transpired to interest us, excepting a policeman, who looked at us very suspiciously.

Finally we arrived at the wharf as the ferry clock pointed to 5. At the tug-boat wharf were three tugs of the Spreekle's line - the Relief, Vigilant and Active.

There was no sign of life until 5:30 when the fireman of the *Actin* appeared from below and soon had a column of black smoke rolling from the boat's smoke-stack. Soon after the Captain, Mr. Marshall, came down the wharf. Up to this time we did not know whether we were going or not, but I asked the Captain for permission, and he allowed us to go on the boat. He said they might sight a "tow" just outside the heads, in which case we would be brought back, but if they went out as far as the *Savallones*, we would be landed. Precisely at 6 o'clock we backed from the dock and were soon steaming down the bay at a good rate.

Frank & I buttoned our overcoats tightly and took a position on the rear deck. It was fine, we thought. Presently the deck-hands came around and talked with us and described all points of interest that we passed.

We soon came to Black and Fort Points which form the Golden Gate, and began to congratulate ourselves on our ability to stand the motion of the boat without getting sick. Gradually we reached the "bar" and ~~had~~ Frank and I had found a warm place near the engine room on an iron windlass.

Somehow we didn't feel like running around as before.

I asked Frank if he wasn't feeling "kind of funny." "Oh

no! he felt all right" though his face greatly resembled a sheet in color. As for myself, my stomach had felt much better at other times, and I unconsciously reached for my codfish. Again I asked Frank how he felt. He said "funny", and made a lunge for the side of the boat, but didn't get there in time. I followed suit soon after, and now we were both seasick.

It was rough and the tug-boat rolled and pitched all at the same time. Sometimes we would sink down in a great wave and the water all around would seem even with the boat. We were told to go forward to the cabin and it was well we did for the waves were rolling over the stern very shortly after.

Before we went into the cabin one of the crew showed us the Tuvallous, away off in the distance. They appeared as a gray rock projecting out of the ocean, but I was not at all interested then.

I laid on a bench in the dining room and watched the stools as they chased each other from one end of the room to the other, while the boat tossed. In the course of time we came up to the buoy, a few hundred yards from the shore. The "tug" made fast and whistled 3 times but as no row boat appeared, the captain told two of the crew to land us. This is an exceptional thing for them to do, for they usually

carry you back if the keeper
does not row out and
take you off.

I went off in the boat first.
The men rowed me to the
nearest point which was a
number of large, jagged rocks,
and as the wave carried
the boat up, I jumped out
and so landed. As all my

articles were yet in the boat
I had to stand on a low
rock and reach them as the
boat came up. I got drenched
with spray, but we were
finally safe and sound on the
rocks.

The first thing I saw
were two gulls sailing over
my head and squawking harshly.
This made me feel rather
homesick, but we proceeded
to hunt out the keeper's house.

Mrs Beeman, the Principal Keeper's wife, greeted us and showed us our room. We were informed that he was down to North Landing and set out, with the information to "follow the railroad." This we did and on going around the last bend, we saw several men carrying baskets of eggs. Mr. Beeman welcomed us and took our permit.

The Islands at first impressed me strangely, so different was the scene from anything I had ever seen.

Thousands of birds screaming and flying about, rabbits scurrying over the rocks, immense cliffs and the light-house — all made a grand scene. I recovered from my seasickness soon

after landing.

The L'Anse-au-Loup Islands are unquestionably a wonderful place to anyone at all interested in Natural History and more particularly Birds and Eggs.

There are several caves into which the ocean washes and these are said to be exquisitely beautiful, because of the varied-coloring of the infusoria that leave their homes there.

I was not fortunate enough to visit these caves. I explored one cave that runs a long distance into the lighthouse hill. One of the Greek eggers and I, by aid of a candle crawled in a good way. The cave was very irregular in shape and size. At intervals there were large rooms. We did not go to the end.

At low tide one can go down on the rocks (there is no beach) and pick any number of orange and red starfishes and sea-urchins out of the clear, shallow pools. On the western part of the Island where two ship-wrecks have occurred in three years is an immense quantity of wreckage. All the pieces have been worn round and smooth by the waves. Coconut husks line the shore, having probably been washed from the Sandwich Ids.

The lighthouse is 20 feet high and situated on the highest point of the Island - 320 feet. It has a Fresnel lamp of the first order and is one of the best in the

world. An hour can be profitably spent in the lighthouse. The fog-signal is run by steam and has (two immense, powerful horns. They face the ocean and can be heard for miles away.

I never had such an appetite as I did while on the Islands. Everything relished—Murre's eggs, fried rabbit and rock-cod. A breeze is almost continually blowing, and yet is not really cold.

One of the most beautiful scenes I witnessed was a moonlight night. I stood down on the rocks and enjoyed it. The full moon made the ocean grand! One could see for miles over the breaking water, with Gulls sailing out over it.

Then on the summit
of the lighthouse hill, the
camp seemed grandly.

But I could go on
almost endlessly with the
subject, so will consider
the birds, which were,
to me, of more interest
than anything else.

I.

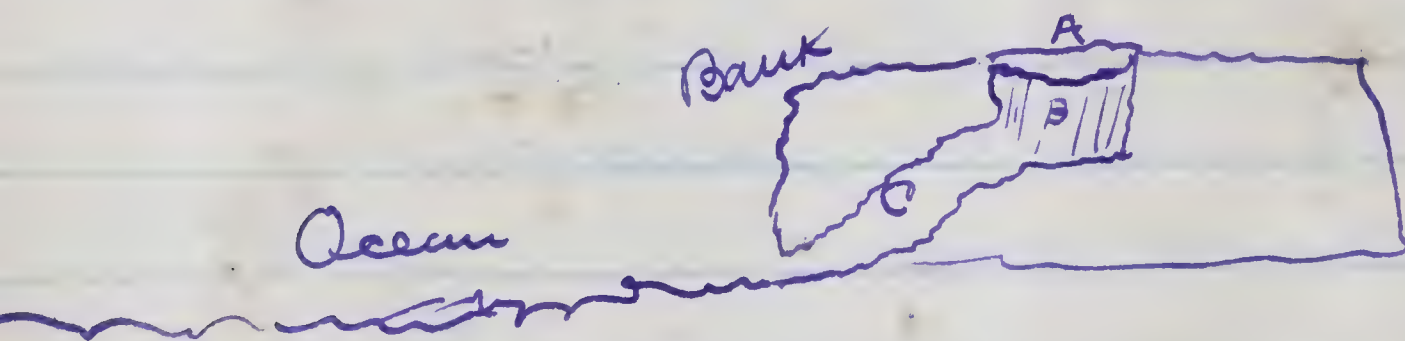
California Murre. (*URIA TROILE CALIFORNICA*)
A.O.U. No. 30a.

Color — Breast, white. Neck and
throat, coal-black. Back, dark
gray.

This is the commonest
and most abundant bird
that nests on the Lancelones,
but it is one that is very
interesting to watch and study.

On the afternoon of July 15th

1892, - the day we arrived on the Islands, this species received most of my attention. On the East End. It is formed as the following shows.



As you walk along the surface of the Island you will suddenly come to an irregular opening in the ground. Through this you descend 3 or 4 feet to a sort of cave. This cave has a sloping opening (c) into the ocean, so that the Murre fly from the water up into the cave where they nest. I secured a number of nice fresh eggs from this cave on the 5th

As there are only about 20 or 30 Cal. Murres nesting in this cove they are not disturbed by the eggers. The Murres are also safe from the Western Gull, as no member of the Gull family would take it upon himself to explore a cave, even for eggs. On the West End, there is a rookery of Murres known as the "Great Rookery". It covers one whole cliff and contains thousands of birds.

There are also a few small rookeries near the lighthouse.

I went on several trips with the eggers, but this will be described in an article later on.

The following is from the "Cal. Traveller & Naturalist"

BIRDS OF THE FARALLONE ISLANDS.

1. WESTERN GULL AND CALIFORNIA MURRE.

C. BARLOW.

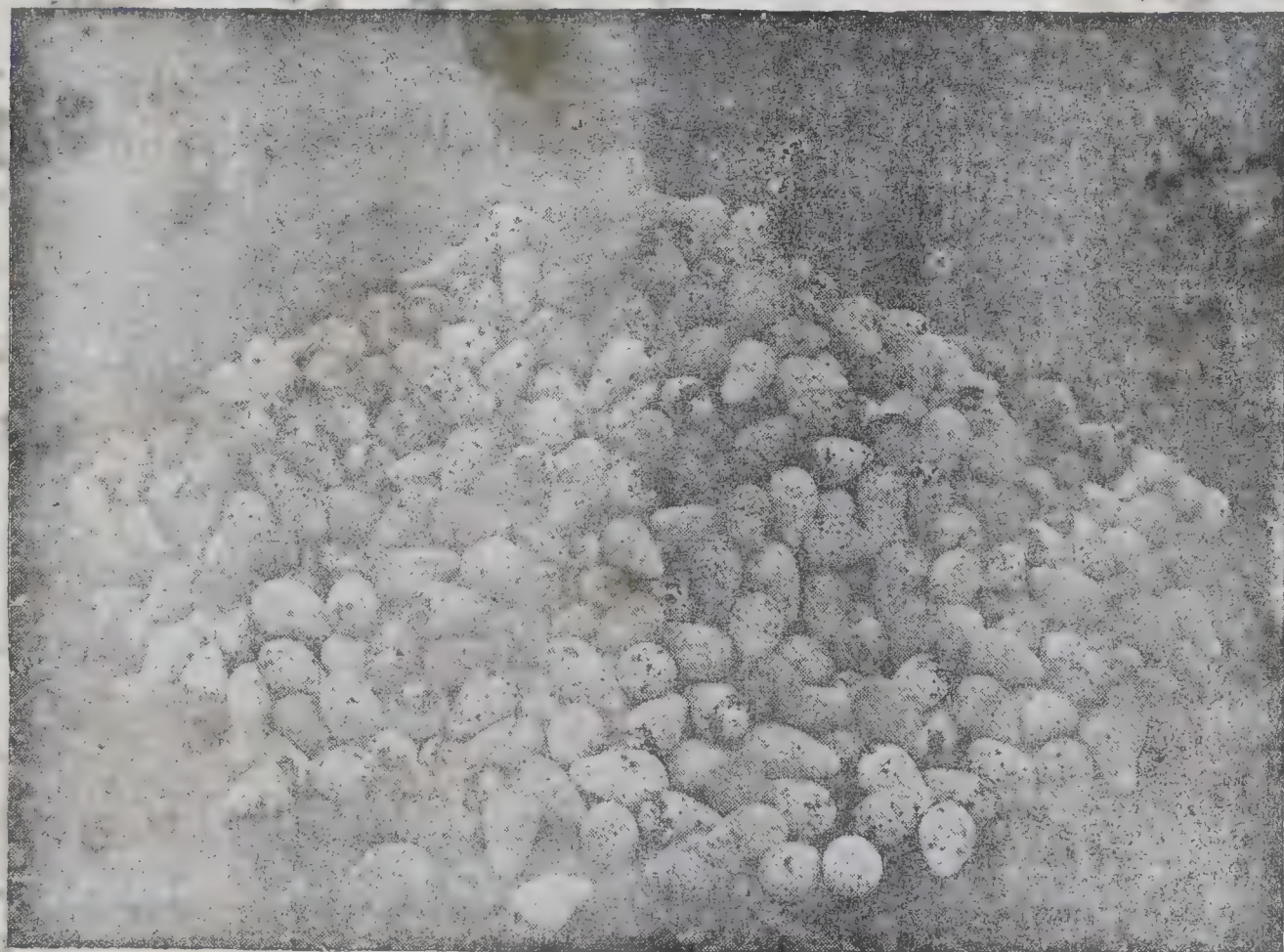
In considering the birds of these islands I will commence with those more commonly known. The Farallones lay about thirty-five miles west of San Francisco and in calm weather are reached by tugboats, but in stormy weather no kind of craft ventures near. Approaching the islands one sees multitudes of Western Gulls [*LARUS OCCIDENTALUS*] sailing lazily over the waves, but the California Murre [*URIA TROILE CAL.*] appears as a minute object, squatting in thousands on the cliffs. A description of the many items of interest on the Islands would be impossible to give in detail and a person must see them to appreciate their beauty. Caves thousands of birds and eggs and wild rabbits on the land and countless curios in the ocean at low tide, are a few of the interesting sights to the naturalist, but I have space only for birds.

The Cal. Murre is the most numerous of the ten varieties of birds on the Islands, while the Gull can muster next greatest numbers. There could hardly be found more difference in the nature of two birds than in the Gull and Murre. The former is a tyrannical, fearless thieving fellow, while the latter is peaceable and bears impositions.

The Cal. Murre is the "egg bird" of the Farallones. Every year eggs by thousands are gathered and sold in the San Francisco markets. If fresh they are palatable and equal to two hen's eggs. They vary greatly in color and marking, ranging from white through green and blue to olive, usually with brown or black splashes over their surface. They average $1\frac{7}{8} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The murre generally nest in colonies of many thousands near the summits of high cliffs. Some are found in the caves that open into the ocean. Only one egg is laid and the bird sits upright on it. When approached they give a sort of "quack" and snap their bills, but seldom show fight. It is a handsome bird, with a white breast and black neck and back, resembling a duck in shape and very swift in flight. Everything considered, these characteristic birds are as interesting species as are found on the Farallones.

33

Next is my observations on
Professional Egging. Written
for the "Oologist" Dec. '92 No.



EGGS OF THE CALIFORNIA MURRE.—*From photo by C. Barlow.*

**Professional Egging; or the Collecting of
Murre's Eggs in California.**

"What kind of birds are those?", was one of the numerous queries I propounded a deck-hand on the tug-boat, while on my trip to the Farallone Islands this summer. We had just steamed through the Golden Gate into the surging Pacific, with the gray, barren, sloping shore on either side gradually creeping away from us, when a flock of beautiful birds, with black backs in striking contrast to their snowy white breasts, winged their rapid flight across the water from a point near the shore, and gracefully settled on the crest of a wave, a short distance from the boat. As these were the first sea-birds I had noticed, I did not recognize them at

first, though I could have done so had I referred to my prepared list of the birds I expected to see on the trip. This, however, was keeping company with a lime and a piece of codfish, (preventatives (?) of seasickness) in my pocket, and was left undisturbed.

So I did not attempt to identify the birds, but inquired of the deck-hand, who seemed to have a correct knowledge of the sea fowl, what they were. He glanced toward the birds and replied: "Those are Murres." Here was my first introduction to the California Murre, and I admired the flock as they executed many graceful feats in the water, until the mountainous waves hid them from view.

The Murre, common as it is, is a beautiful bird, and a nicely mounted

specimen vies well with most sea birds in one's collection. I suppose there are few collectors who have not one or more Murres' eggs in their cabinets, yet I know that by some they are considered quite rare, owing probably to the fact that they are usually found away from the mainland and are therefore more difficult to obtain. Probably a majority of the people of the United States are not aware that the collecting of Murres' eggs for food, by organized parties of men, is a business, so the operations of one of these "egging" parties may prove of interest to the readers of the OÖLOGIST.

The Farallones and other groups of islands farther down the coast of California, are the principal collecting grounds. The party of "eggers" who collected at the Farallones this year were Greeks, and a more hardy and healthy set of men I never saw. They ranged in number from five to eight at different parts of the season. The light-house keeper and his three assistants also engage in egging during the greater part of the months of May and June.

An industrious "egger" in full uniform, and hard at work, is not the handsomest sight in the world, for the nature of the work does not warrant his wearing fine clothes. To begin with, their shoes are made of canvass and the soles are of woven rope. This makes a durable shoe and one that will not slip on the steep, rocky cliffs. The ordinary leather shoe lasts but a few days on the sharp, granite rocks. A pair of overalls and a loose cotton blouse, tucked up at the bottom and drawn tightly about the waist, in order to hold the eggs, completes the costume.

The Murres begin to nest in May and in consequence of the depredations made on their rookeries, they continue laying until the early part of July, when the "eggers" cease collecting.

Each pair of birds then manage to hatch one or two eggs, and by the time the young are grown it is their migrating time. On some portions of the islands there are small caves and nooks where the "eggers" do not go, and here many of the persecuted Murres find peace. The caves are usually crowded with birds, squatting on their single egg on the bare rock, but they huddle into the most remote corner when a person enters. The foul odor arising from the damp caves and the birds, make too long a visit quite unpleasant.

A few days before the "eggers" intend to begin operations, they select routes covering all the cliffs where the Murres lay, and go carefully over them, breaking all the eggs in order to destroy any that may be incubated. In a day or two another lot of eggs have been laid, which can be collected as fresh. As the Murres nest on the same cliffs throughout the season, it enables the "eggers" to keep the same routes. Let us start out with the "eggers" in the morning and follow them through a collecting trip. They have no occasion to hurry in their work, so it is usually 8 or 9 o'clock before they start. A few minutes walk across the level "flat" of the island, which is covered with stones and boulders, brings us to the foot of the cliffs.

We wind in and out among the gullies, now clambering over the wreckage old ocean has cast up; then walking for a few moments on a level stretch of rock. This brings to an artificial suspension bridge of wire and rope, stretching across a small yet rocky channel of water. Carefully crossing, we find a well-beaten path over the cliffs and rocks which leads to our destination. The party divides, and each man takes a separate ground. With their canvass shoes they scale the cliffs with ease and safety.

As an "egger" approaches a flock of

Murres the gulls begin their harsh screams, seemingly to assist in scaring the Murres from their eggs. The air is often black with multitudes of Gulls. As the "egger" nears the rookery, the Murres stir uneasily, but remain on their eggs until they are sure their enemy is about to rob them, when, with a last glance at their treasures, they shamble from the rocks and soar out over the ocean. The "egger" rapidly gathers the eggs and puts them in the folds of his blouse. The Gulls, however, manage to get their share, and should the collector overlook any, *Larus occidentalis* quickly discovers them. Owing to the voracity of the Gull, the Murre never leaves its egg for a moment unless compelled to.

As soon as the "egger" "cleans out" a rookery, he goes to his baskets and unloads himself, taking care to cover the eggs securely before he leaves for another collecting ground. Climbing about on some of the high cliffs is exceedingly dangerous and ropes are used for safety. A solitary "egger" on the summit of a high cliff at a distance, with thousands of screaming Gulls hovering about him is a weird scene to one who has never witnessed such. The Gulls are very fierce and many of the eggers carry clubs, which they wave vigorously above their heads, in order to prevent attacks from these birds. I am told that one saucy Gull swooped down on an unwary "egger" and, fastening its talons in his straw hat, sailed out over the ocean with it. I can bear proof to their attacks on persons disturbing their young.

As the eggs are collected the baskets are put together in some central spot, and are securely covered with weeds, weighted down with rocks. They are left here until all the rookeries have been visited, when each man takes two baskets and the party returns to the egg-house. Here all the eggs are washed and then piled up. The egg-house is a small structure with thick stone

sides to make it cool. In the middle of the season 250 dozen eggs are sometimes collected in a single day. When a sufficient number have been obtained they are put loosely into compartments of a large fishing-boat and taken to the San Francisco market where they are sold to hotels, restaurants and bakeries. 6,000 dozen eggs were shipped from the Farallones this year in a little over one month's time. In San Francisco, Murres' eggs are usually known as "Gulls" eggs. The latter are very palatable but seldom reach the market.

During my stay on the Farallones I had an opportunity of testing Murres' eggs as food. I could not detect any fishy taste in the fresh eggs and liked them fully as well as "hen fruit."

I suppose it is almost unnecessary to say that the Murres' eggs range in color from a plain bluish-white, through various shades of green into pure white as a ground color. The markings are brown and black and often have the shape of beautiful scrolls. The variations in color of Murres' eggs makes a series desirable for a cabinet. One egg is the full complement.

It is no wonder that the persecuted Murre seeks a nesting place "away from the busy haunts of men," for the despoiler of their homes can but be an object of fear to them. At present, I think the California Murre exceeds in numbers any species on the Farallones, but whether the depredations of the eggers will noticeably decrease these birds, or not is a question that only the future can solve.

C. BARLOW,
Santa Clara, Cal.

Will You Join Us?

But a few tickets left to complete the club to attend the World's Fair on the United World's Fair Excursion Co. plan. Payments monthly or weekly; this is the strongest company in America, apply to Local Agent or write United World's Fair Excursion Co., N. E. Dep't, 405 Exchange B'ld'g, Boston, Mass.

Western Gull. (LARUS OCCIDENTALIS)

A.O.U. No - 49.

This bird is the terror of all others on the Farallones. During the winter months it lingers about the wharves in San Francisco, and subsists on the refuse, floating about in the bay. I did not see a single gull while I was in S.F. in July '92 nor on my way to the Islands. They are common breeders on the Farallones, and commence to nest in May.

Fresh eggs can be had through May & June, and I found a few in July. At the latter time, however, most of the eggs were incubated and young ones were crawling about over the

rocks in large numbers. None
were more than half

grown

On the afternoon of
the 5th of July — my
first day on the Island —

I went out to look for
gulls eggs, perhaps because
I thought they were the
easiest found. Frank and

I took a basket and
went south of the keeper's
house to look among the
rocks, near the surf.

The Gulls were
flying — or rather sailing —
out over the ocean and
then back, all the while
uttering their coarse — "quock
knuck, knuck, ka." There is
certainly no music in this
birds cry.

We hunted among the

rocks miscellaneously and found a set of 3 and one of 2 eggs. The nests are rude affairs, composed of coarse Galathea weed. It is simply a pile of weed about 3 inches high with a slight depression in the center. The nests are, on an average, about 1 foot in diameter.

At the beginning of the season, I think 3 and possibly 4 is a complement of eggs, but as the season advances and their eggs are destroyed, they often lay but 2 eggs. I found some nests with but one egg in them, and this almost ready to hatch.

The eggs are a light olive color with splashes of blackish-brown and indistinct lilac all over the surface.

This bird nests commonly on the low portion of the Id. lying between the fog-signal and East End. Nests are also made on all sides of the light house hill, at all altitudes. When on the West End I observed many young and a number of nests. Hence I think the Western Gull is an indiscriminate breeder, so far as heights or locations are concerned.

The Gull is a bird who can disturb you more to a greater degree than any human being possibly could. Perhaps you are standing on a narrow ledge on some part of the lighthouse hill, or cliff on the West End,

peering into a Puffins burrow
for "smelling" a Petrel
when a Gull without
warning will swoop down
on you with a blood-
curdling cry and you will
be inclined to believe that
its room is 100 per cent
better than its company.

On several occasions
this occurred to me, and I
could not find out what
caused the bird to attack
me. I concluded it was
pure meanness so I "got
even". Thereafter whenever
I was on the rocks and
found a nest of eggs
or a young gull crawling
about I would throw
them as far down the cliffs
as was possible. The
W. Gull has no friends

either among the birds or men - but innumerable enemies.

Color of Gull. Breast. pure white; Back, slaty-blue and edge of wings darker. Bill yellow with red spot

The following was written by me for "The Cal. Traveller & Naturalist"

Everyone who has visited the ferry landing at San Francisco during the Winter months has seen the Western Gull. It is known by many as the "sea-gull." The birds hover about vessels and scan the water with their keen eyes in search of food. But to see them in nesting season is entirely different. They are then very fierce and will often swoop down on a person without cause or warning. The gull is white with a slaty-blue back and yellow bill. They nest on the ground among the rocks and also on the sloping side of cliffs. The nest is a careless affair of coarse weeds and is about a foot in diameter. Two or three eggs, usually the latter number, are laid although I found nests containing but one egg, ready to hatch. The eggs are a dark drab or olive brown color with dark splashes of brown. They measure 2.80x1.95. Fresh eggs can be found through June and I took several in July and are excellent food.

The gull obtains its food by theft chiefly. The instant a murre leaves its egg, a dozen gulls are fighting for it and the Cormorants find it a task to protect their eggs from these pirates. A gull will fly to a Cormorant's nest and force his bill through the shells of the eggs and in a few seconds they are emptied of their contents. Not so with the Murre's eggs, their extremely thick shell causes the gull trouble. Usually he will take the egg crosswise in his beak and fly a short distance and let it drop on a rock to break it. Then he alights and feasts on its contents. A writer in the "Overland Monthly" correctly portrays the nature of

the gull in the following incident. One of the Greek egg pickers saw a gull greedily devouring a Cormorant's egg, which is considered wholly unfit for food and explained; "He no eata him because he lika him, he eata just for mean."

THE CORMORANTS.

Farallone Cormorant - A.O.U. No 1200
(PHALACROCORAX DILOPHUS ALBOCILIATUS)

Color - Uniform iridescent black.
Gular patch, a bright yellow

Brandt's Cormorant. A.O.U. No 122
(PHALACROCORAX PENICILLATUS)

Color - Uniform Black
Gular pouch, blue but the
bird appears as pure black.

Baird's Cormorant, A.O.U. No 1234.
(PHALACROCORAX PELAGICUS RESPLENDENS)

Color - Black predominating.
Gular Patch - Red.
A white patch on either
side of tail. Smaller
than two preceding species

The family of Cormorants form a rather uninteresting group of birds, although large numbers nest on the Farallone Islands.

There are three species, Farallones, Brandts and Bairds.

On the afternoon of July 5th 92 I found two nests each containing three eggs, of Bairds Cormorant. It was on the East End at the end of a picturesque little cove, where the breakers rolled in, grandly. These nests were about 15 feet above the water and about 5 feet from the top of the bluff. I managed to get both sets, both being about $\frac{1}{2}$

incubated. The eggs are a light greenish-blue color with a thick calcareous deposit on the shell. This can be washed off but in my mind spoils the value and natural appearance of the eggs. Baird's Cormorant nests on the steep and often inaccessible cliffs in colonies of a few pairs only so one may look for them on the steepest cliffs usually very near the water. I found but three eggs in any of the nests I examined though I think four or even five are sometimes laid.

Most of the nests I found, I could not obtain but presume all the eggs were incubated. Probably June is

the best month for fresh eggs.

I found the Laysan variety breeding in vast rookeries, chiefly on the West End. On July 6th we accompanied the eggers on their trip to the West End after Murrie's eggs.

I enjoyed the trip very much as everything was new to me and the Isreks very jolly and obliging. I will not go into detail regarding the trip. When we rounded the last hill that hid the cliff forming the extreme West end of the Island, it was a grand sight. There was a vast expanse of water - the Pacific Ocean.

But on a sloping hillside facing us was an immense rookery of Cormorants, which would have made a fine view. We started across a level stretch of land that led to the foot of the hill. As we came perhaps 100 feet from the birds they all rose from their nests and flew wildly overhead in an awkward manner, and then sailed out over the ocean some distance, finally settling in a compact group on the water. They remained there as long as we were on the West End.

But the eggs — As soon as the Cormorants left their nests the Greeks told us to hurry if we wanted any eggs.

As usual the Gulls were
on land but I stationed
Frank in about the
center of the rookery and
instructed him to wave
his basket and keep the
gulls away. I then
looked for sets.

There must have
been 200 nests about 1 foot
apart in rows on the
shelves of rock. Each one
was simply a mass of
dry Tarallou weed some
12 inches in diameter
and hollowed out enough
to hold the eggs. They
were compact. A disagreeable
odor pervaded the place
but I could stand it
for eggs.

Many nests had but
1 egg in; others two and I

found a few behind the cliff where the birds had not been scared off for several days, containing three and four eggs. Considering the number of nests, a very small percentage contained full sets.

The Greys do not bother the Cormorants intentionally but they fuss so near the rookeries after the Murres that the Cormorants fly off and the Gulls at once eat the eggs. As the eggers fuss the rookery almost every day, the Cormorants fly off and their eggs are at once devoured. So I presume it is not until after the eggers have ceased collecting in July that these birds can hatch their

eggs. Of course, once in a while a few pair of these Cormorants will stray off and build their nests in some odd place where the eggers do not come and then no doubt they breed in peace.

Brandts Cormorant nests almost exactly the same as Farallons and the eggs cannot be distinguished from one another.

There are three large rookeries on the West End — one is Farallon and I think the other two are Brandts. I also noticed one on Sugar Rock and a small one on Sea Lion Islet. The latter is of course unapproachable.

The eggs of Brandts and

Farallones are considerably larger than Bairds. These Cormorants subsist chiefly on fish that they catch.

In one little cove near the West End I found a nest of Brundts containing six eggs, badly incubated.

I did not blow them.

This is an unusually large set, I think.

All the Cormorants fly very awkwardly and rather slow. Most of them did not seem to care when scared from their nests, but one bird

I found on its nest near the lighthouse, and when frightened off, flew back repeatedly. I found young in the nest which probably accounted for

51

the mother's anxiety. She
was afraid the Gulls would
eat them.

From the Traveller's Naturalist

Birds of the Farallone Islands.

2. THE THREE CORMORANTS AND TUFTED PUFFIN.

C. BARLOW, SANTA CLARA.

With reference to numbers, the family of Cormorants deserve third place in the list of Farallone birds. There are three varieties of Cormorants on the Islands; Brandt's, Farallone and Baird's, in the order of their number. Compared with the other birds they are rather an uninteresting group. They seldom associate with any but their own kind.

To a disinterested person, the three varieties of Cormorant would present the same color, a glossy black. They are distinguished only by the color of the gular patch, or pouch under the throat. In Brandt's it is blue; in the Farallone, yellow; and in Baird's, an orange-red. Baird's can also be known by two small white spots on the back, near the tail.

In China, the natives use the Cormorant to catch fish. In this they are expert. An iron band is fastened around the throat, below the pouch and prevents them from swallowing the fish.

On the Farallones the Brandt's and Farallone varieties nest in large rookeries. The one I visited contained some 200 nests and it was not considered extensive. The nests are composed of sea-kelp and a rank weed known as Farallone weed. On an average the nests were about a foot across and six or eight inches high. In a complete set, three or four eggs are laid, but is extremely difficult to obtain large sets during the Summer months, for the eggers in passing the rookeries almost daily, scare the birds from their nests and the gulls make short work of eggs.

The eggs are bluish white and are covered with a chalky substance, long and pointed and average 2.62 x 1.50 (inches). These measurements answer for both the varieties described and the bird MUST BE SEEN to establish the identity of the eggs.

Baird's Cormorant is solitary in habits and breeds in pairs of three or four together and the nests are inaccessible, some I noticed half way up a perpendicular 100 foot cliff, on projecting ledges. The nests resemble those of the others, but often a foot or more in height. The eggs average 2.20 x 1.45, three in a set, but I have found six

Tufted Puffin. (LUNDA CIRRHATA)

A.O.U. No. 12

"

Color - Black. Feet and beak, red. Head & Face White. Two straw-yellow crests about two inches long, one on each side of head.

This grotesque-looking bird made a great impression on my mind. They are most common on the sides of lighthouse hill and also at a place near the Great Murres Rookery on the West End. As one stands near the lighthouse and looks down the steep hill, on all sides can be seen Tufted Puffins standing on guard at their burrows.

There is nothing particularly interesting to be observed about this bird as you cannot approach very close, without the bird taking flight.

The Puffin nests in long tunnels or burrows in the Rocks, and a scoop must be used to obtain the egg in most cases. Only one egg is laid, and it is very large considering the size of the bird. The egg

is a dull-white in color with usually a few obscure lilac shell markings that give the egg an appearance of not being fully blown.

The Puffin is a strong bird and tenacious of life. This I know from an

incident that occurred on the West End. One of the Greeks captured a Puffin and as I wished to photograph it he offered to kill it. He first choked it for a time but the bird kicked and scratched vigorously. Then he wrung the bird's neck several times but to no avail, when he cut its throat with a knife.

I collected the eggs of the Tufted Puffin at odd times during my six days' stay on the Svalbard Ids. but only took 10 in all. These were mostly incubated. June is undoubtedly the month for fresh eggs. I found few of the burrows to exceed five feet in length.

and in some cases a little weed was used to deposit the egg on.

The Puffin is a very handsome bird. —

The following is from the Traveller & Naturalist"

The Tufted Puffin, (LUNDA CIRRHATA) is the most grotesque looking and, to my mind, the most handsome, on the Islands. It is known by the light-keepers as the "sea parrot," because of its immense beak. The bird is black, with a white face and a yellow crest about two inches long on either side of the head. The feet and beak are a livid red.

The nests, if such they might be called, are burrows in the side-hills between the rocks ; nothing is built, the egg being laid at the end. The

Puffin will bite viciously when in it's burrow and it is advisable to drive the bird off before attempting to get the eggs. The burrow is often three or four feet long and a scoop is used to get the egg. The egg is often a dull white and often has a few lilac spots near the large end. A typical egg measures 2.75x1.95 and one is laid, only. While on the Farallones, I often watched the Puffins from the light house hill. On the sides of this hill they are plentiful and as the twilight come on, they assembled near their burrows and stood like sentinels, often screaming in harsh tones. One bird I scared from near the light house, 200 feet above the sea, that started on a bee line below, cutting the in it's downward flight with frightful velocity and pludged head-first into the huge breakers !

FOR THE T. & N.

Cassin's Auklet. (PTYCHORAMPHUS
ALEUTICUS)

A.O.U. No. 16.

Color Belly, white. Chin gray.
Back, grayish black. Eyes. White

Cassin's Auklet is considered
by some as a rare bird and
probably it is aside from
a few places, such as the
Farallones, where it breeds

I found it the commonest
breeder, aside from the
Gull. Pure in July 92.

I took some 25 sets
of eggs of this bird, most
of which were about $\frac{1}{2}$
incubated showing that
June 25 or thereabouts
was the best time for
fresh eggs. They lay two
or three times during the

season, and began. I am informed by Mr Beeman, the early frost of March.

The Auklet is a nocturnal bird and is never seen flying about excepting, perhaps at night. I found the Auklet breeding in large numbers on the south side of Finger Rock, a large barren cliff where at first sight it would appear there was not as much as a crevice for a bird to hide in. The "flat" north-west of the Keepers' residences also contained a good many Auklets, as well as all parts of the Lighthouse Hill. I found one Auklet sitting on its egg within 4 inches

of an Ashy Petrel I was looking for.

After the duck nests on the bare ground under stone-fills; while in rents and crevices of rock on the Lighthouse Hill I found them with a number of feathers for a nest.

Everything considered Cassin's Auklet is as plain and uninteresting a bird as can be found anywhere.

When you remove an Auk from its egg and hold it up to look at, it is an excellent thing to hold him off for a yard or so until he has given vent to his surprise when he may safely be examined.

See following is from the
Calif. Traveller & Naturalist.

Birds of the Farallone Islands.

3. CASSIN'S AUKLET ~~AND PIGEON GUILLEMOT.~~

This interesting and reliable series, by C. BARLOW; Santa Clara, Cal., is the result of personal notice.
BACK NUMBERS CAN BE SUPPLIED AT FIVE CENTS EACH.

HERE we are among the SMALL birds of the Islands and who will say they are not as interesting as their larger relatives? Come with me in quest of our Cassin's Auklet. After a laborious climb we arrive at an altitude of about 150 feet, where the granite cliffs have disintegrated to a great extent, forming crevices and loose slabs of rock. We peer into the dark recesses and at last spy a likely place for an Auklet. Perhaps there is a jutting rock in the hole and if we reach in behind it, we are more than liable to pull out a bird. The Auklet nests usually a few inches from the mouth of the hole - just far enough to be out of the light. I remember one I pulled off its egg and held up for inspection. It blinked oddly at me and the rays of the sun seemed to dazzle its eyes. In color it was as follows: throat, gray; breast, white back, grayish-white; eyes, white.

One white egg with a very slight greenish tinge is deposited. It is slightly larger than a pigeon's egg. I found the Auklet, [PTYCHORAMPUS ALEUTICUS] nesting at the highest elevations and also under piles of large rocks on the lower portions of the Island. The Auklet is a nocturnal bird and only appears about dusk, when large numbers can be seen flying through the air.

60
60
Pigeon Guillemot. (CEPPHUS COLUMBA)
A.O.U. No 29

Color.- Black, with a white patch on each wing. Feet and inside of mouth, livid red.

This bird is seldom, if ever found away from the water for any distance. I watched several groups of them as they sat by the ocean on the rocks while the spray dashed at their very feet. The main characteristic was a low whistling note, made to each other as they ~~waddly~~ bowed their heads. Often one would be found on the rocks alone and would make a shrill whistle not

unlike that of a domestic pigeon, though much louder. This was the only note I heard uttered.

I only took three sets of two of their eggs though the birds were plentiful. It was probably too late. They nest near the water under a large boulder or in a crevice. The eggs are described further on.

Carl, the son of one of the Keefers lead a number of crannies located where he knew the Guillemots laid and we went around and visited them. In one place two eggs had been laid. This shows that the foolish birds do not

desert their nests even if robbed repeatedly.

The following is from the
"Traveller's Naturalist"

From the cliffs and hills we scramble down to the shore, where the breakers are crashing over the rocks in mighty grandeur. Here, may we find a dozen or more birds in a solemn conclave. They are as large as a small duck and sit upright, while they softly "whistle" or converse with each other, as the spray dashes at their feet. They are handsome, with their black plumage, white patch on the wing and bright red feet. Here the Pigeon Guillemot, [CEPPHUS COLUMBA] is fully at home.

This bird nests under the large boulders, near the surf, and lays two eggs, which are a beautiful pearl-gray or greenish color, with blotches of bright brown principally on the large end. The Pigeon Guillemot is known to the Light-keepers as the "Sea Pigeon." I found the eggs are moderately rare and think the birds must nest more frequently on the Middle or North Farallone, where they could breed undisturbed. They seem to have a greater attachment for the water than any of the birds.

I noticed several young Guillemots that had not yet outgrown their black fuzzy coats, scrambling about over the rocks within a few feet of the water and when an unusually large wave came in they had to keep their grip pretty well washing away. Truly, these are birds of the sea!

X

Rock Wren. (SALPINCTES OBSOLETUS)

A.O.U. No 715

Color. General color, a brownish gray. Dotted all over with small dots of black and white, but these run together and appear as a gray. Identified by its small size.

The Rock Wren is the smallest bird found on the Islands, and I did not find a set of eggs in July/92, it being rather late. June is the best time for fresh eggs. Yet in July I found nests which I think were being built. I also saw a number of old nests. These are a number of old stone walls on

various parts of the Farallones that have stood for years. They are about 3 feet high and made of slabs of rock piled loosely on top of each other. Sand has settled between the rocks and behind some little rock in the wall the Rock Wren nests.

The nest is a delicate affair made of cocoon fibres & hair, usually situated very near the ground and only in two or three inches from the opening. The eggs are from four to seven, a creamy white, thickly spotted with dots of reddish-brown.

The singular thing about the nests is, that a collection of bleached bones & shells, varying in size, marks the entrance

74 65 ⁶⁵

to the nest. This is certainly a curious trait of the Wren. I should like to watch one carrying the bones to its nest.

The Rock Wren is an extremely modest looking little bird. It can be found hopping about on the level and low portions of the Island, and I even saw a pair nearly up to the Lighthouse.

The only note uttered when hopping about was a "chirp", but often a Wren would mount a large boulder and give voice to a pretty, and short warble. I do not see where they get water to drink, and have often

thought the same thing as
 to the sea birds, but I
 could not find out.
 The following is from
 the "Log."

Birds of the Farallone Islands.

4. ROCK WREN ~~AND ASHY PETREL.~~

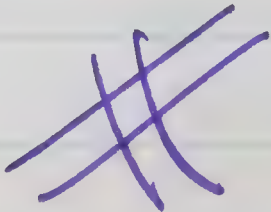


FOR my conclusion I have reserved the two smallest and rarest birds that have cast their lot on this sea-girt isle.

As everyone knows, the Rock Wren is a land bird and how he ever reached the Farallones, is more than I can surmise; yet he is there and is indeed a welcome visitor to the keepers. No matter where you go on the Islands you will be greeted by the cheerful chirp of little SALPINCTES OBSOLETUS, as he hops among the rocks and lures you from his nest. I watched one as he glided under a small pile of rocks; I felt assured of a nest and I waited and watched, and as the bird did not come out, I felt certain. But a search proved that a Wren was only on a tour of inspection for any stray bugs accidentally around.

The Rock Wren is of a rather uniform gray color, speckled with dots of black and white. The nest is of small fibres and grass and lined with feathers and hair; it is usually placed in a crevice of some stone pile. The entrance is invariably paved with small bones and shells, bleached with the sun; thus a nest is easily identified, when found.

Four to seven creamy white eggs, lightly speckled with brown, are laid.



THE ASHY PETREL
(*Oceanodroma Homochroa*)
A.O.U. No 108.

Color. — General Color. Black.
Breast. — a dark ash
Tail forked $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch
Bill, dull blue. Length $7\frac{1}{4}$: +
Width $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

From The Traveller + Naturalist

The Ashy Petrel is conceded by all to be a rare bird and breeds only on the Farallones. It is never seen flying about as it is nocturnal, but often in the night they are attracted by the glare of the powerful blaze in the light-house and dash themselves against the glass with such a force as to be stunned, when they are easily captured.

I was successful beyond expectation in collecting their eggs for I had not dared hope to see the bird, much less find an egg. One morning a Greek egg-picker gave me the benefit of his small store of knowledge of this Petrel and on that I based my hopes. I turned over every stone in a large area, but without success. On the same afternoon I stole off to the West End and went to work on a cliff and after considerable smelling secured three eggs, one of which broke. I obtained several others and found a number of young. The Petrel is best found by its strong musky odor. In color the bird is almost a uniform black and has a forked tail; the eggs are a creamy white with a faint wreath of brown spots around the large end. Only one egg is laid, on the bare ground. They average 1.17x.89 inches.

Next article will describe some of the interesting sights.

Next is my article written
for the "Oölogist" Aug 1892 -

The Ashy Petrel (*Oceanodroma homochroa*)
on the Farallones.

Having seen and read very little in the OöLOGIST concerning the habits and breeding of that rare and beautiful bird, the Ashy Petrel, I venture my observations.

The morning of July 5th found my cousin, F. N. Kirschbaum and myself expectantly awaiting the departure of the tug-boat *Active* at the wharf in San Francisco. We gazed with admiration on the restless little boat as it rose and fell with the tide; and as the sun sent his first golden rays glittering over the waters, from behind the Eastern hills, we boarded the tug and were soon ploughing our way through the peaceful waters of the Bay of San Francisco toward the Golden Gate, on a trip to the Farallone Islands. Never shall I forget the beauty of that scene—the smoking of the ferry-boats as they prepared for another day's labor; the rapid skimming of some light fishing boat across our wake, and above all the beautiful quiet of the early morning hours.

But, as is the case of most amateur seamen beauties soon depreciated in value, as the form of the grim monster Seasickness came into view. The remainder of our voyage may have been lined with the most charming and picturesque scenery for aught we knew, but of it we saw nothing. Eventually we arrived at the Farallones, and I for one could imagine the feelings of poor Robinson Crusoe, as I stepped seasick, and dizzy, upon the barren rocks. This

feeling however, soon vanished and left me fitted to enjoy the beauties of the Islands.

We remained six days on the Farallones, during which time we collected many sets of eggs of the more common varieties, but it is of the Ashy Petrel that I wish to speak in detail. This is by no means a common resident, although I am convinced that these Islands are the breeding place of a liberal number. During my stay on the Islands I examined 18 nests, of the Ashy Petrel, 6 containing eggs; 7 containing young; and the remaining 3 containing only the broken shells, the young birds having left the nests.

My first observations were from a nest at the extreme end of a cave, damp and moss-grown, shown me by the genial Lighthouse Engineer, Mr. Winthar. The egg was lying on the damp ground with absolutely nothing for a nest. It was discolored by the moss on which it lay, and in some manner had become badly cracked. It was advanced in incubation and could not be blown.

Directly above the entrance to this cave, in the crevice of a large rock we noticed a forked tail protruding. Hastily ascending and reaching into the crevice, we pulled out a Petrel. Much to our disappointment and disgust, the hole proved to contain a promising young bird. It was from the old bird that I received a good deal of instruction in regard to collecting the eggs of this species. Let me say in the beginning that if you are not possessed of a moderately sensitive nasal apparatus,

you can invest your time more profitably in collecting the other varieties of eggs, for "smelling" the Ashy Petrel is the only way you can find its nest.

Imagine a collector arrayed in a pair of overalls, crawling along some rough and ancient stone-wall on the Farallones, and inserting his nose at frequent intervals between the rocks,

and you have an idea of the successful Petrel hunter. After catching the bird on the nest near the cave, I took a few good whiffs of its feathers and this made me familiar with its scent. The Ashy Petrel has a musky smell, or as some term it— "strong."

On the following day I set out to spend an hour or two in hunting for these eggs, I repaired to a rocky cliff on the "West End" and selected a place where there were many loose slabs of rock. On smelling of a crevice in the cliff I immediately recognized the scent of the previous day and now I had a Petrel. By removing a number of the rocks I found the bird. She was unceremoniously removed but as the nest contained a young bird I replaced the mother. In color the adult bird was black, verging into a dark ash on the breast. The tail was forked $\frac{2}{3}$ of an inch. The bird measured $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length and $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width, the wings of the Ashy Petrel being very long. The beak was a dull black and slightly hooked at the end, while at the base was a sort of tube which is used to spread oil over the bird's feathers. The feet were webbed.

I resumed my search and found two more nests in the same part of the cliff; one above and the other a little below my first. Both contained eggs but one was accidentally broken in removing it from the hole. Packing the other, I went to a stone wall about three feet high where I scented another bird. The nest was found among the stones

on the ground and contained one egg which is invariably the full complement. In no case did I find any trace of a nest, save the bare rock. The remainder of my nests were situated quite close to the residents of the Island, and in most cases under piles of rocks and boulders which have, year after year, accumulated.

Out of the eight eggs found, two were broken by accident, while the remaining six I now have. Of these two

are cracked and incubated so as to be unblowable. The six eggs measure as follows: 1.12x.92; 1.13x.88; 1.12x.87; 1.18x.87; 1.25x.94; and 1.25x.88. This gives an average of 1.17x.89. In color, the egg of the Ashy Petrel is a creamy white when fresh, with usually a wreath of faint brown spots around the large end. Out of my six specimens two are very distinctly marked while the others are very faint.

The remainder of the nests examined were situated much the same as those I have described. In no case can any special place be given as preferable for Petrels, for they seem to breed almost anywhere among the rocks. But I have never yet found them in holes or burrows, they seeming to prefer crevices and rents in the rock. In the cases of some of the nests the birds must have zigzagged in among the sharp edges of stone until it found some flat ledge secure from molestation, where the single egg was laid, but it matters very little where the bird may be, if you are acquainted with its scent.

The Ashy Petrel is strictly a nocturnal bird, which, like Cassin's Auklet, renders it much more difficult of discovery. But the novelty and what might be termed excitement, of collecting these eggs will ever make memorable my trip to the Farallones.

C. BARLOW,
Santa Clara, Cal.

This rare bird, the Ashy Petrel, is said to breed nowhere in the World but on the Laysan Islands, and it does not breed there in any great numbers.

After having been told to "not be afraid of seeing any Petrels" just previous to going to the Islands, my hopes were not very high and I did not expect to find an egg. When I had been on the Laysans a day the keepers and Greeks asked me quite often why I didn't find some Petrel eggs. It was principally their talk that caused me to think there was a possibility of running across an egg sometime.

117 71
It was on the morning
of July 7th when, while
going to the East End
after Murres Eggs, one old
Greek again filed the
question to me "why didn't
I find a Petrel egg?" I
questioned him very
closely. "He smells strong"
was all I could learn
about the egg and while
the eggers climbed the
cliffs near at hand I
began to overturn large
boulders on all sides to
try and find a Petrel.
Finally I came across
two pieces of shell of an
egg that had hatched
and had a few faint
spots on the large end.
I was sure it was the
shell of an Ashy Petrel egg.

and entrusted to my friend the Greek who smelled it and said it was only part of the shell of a Rock Plover's egg. I felt considerably disappointed but kept hunting and found no eggs.

It was on this afternoon that I slipped off along the shore to the West End for the Greeks would not have let me go for fear I would scare the Murres. I will remember how I felt when I found my first Petrel Egg and realized the fact it was mine.

But now I spent my afternoon on the West End is told in the preceding article and I will not repeat it

A large number of Petrels nest under the old stone walls extending from near the residences to the East End. I found two

eggs in five minutes there.

The fact that Mr Beeman has never found a bird on its egg, nor secured an egg, attests the rarity of this Petrel.

There was certainly a bird nesting in the walls of the egg-house, a structure some 10x6 feet but as I could not tear out the stones I could not get the egg. I located the Petrel (by smell) within a foot but had to give it up.

They nest anywhere on the Island, at low

or high elevations. Polking
is used as a nest. I
do not consider them
any harder to find if they
are nesting in a place than
an auklet. Of course there
are some places where
it is useless to look.

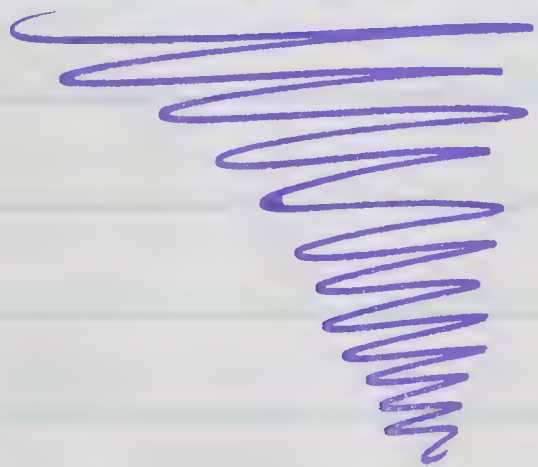


The above completes the
catalogue of birds nesting
on the Farallones in any
numbers.

One or more pairs of
Northern Ravens are
said to nest on a per-
pendicular cliff on
the way to the West
End. I did not notice
the birds. A few other
birds are seen along the

beach but do not breed.

Notice- It will be noticed
that a description of the
plumage of each variety
of bird is given. These
are from my personal
observations. One afternoon
I took my note-book
and climbing to Lighthouse
Hill noticed all the birds
and took notes.



After five days we wanted to come home and each hour after that made us worry. Eggs were no longer an object, but no tug came. We saw two far out on the Western horizon smoking furiously and in two hours time they were near the Island but went by into the city. It was exasperating to stand & watch them and see the outline of the coast in the distance.

Sunday July 10/92

I looked a little for Petrels and took three and broke one of them. About 1 P.M. the "Sea Witch" made fast to the buoy and the Captain came ashore and went up to the lighthouse to

87 77 77

look for ships. He said he would take us into the city and as no ship showed up at dusk thought we would likely go back Monday morning. Comforted by this information we went to bed, with the "tug" plainly in view in the beautiful moonlight. As we were dressing the following morning Mr. Beeman came to the door and said — "Your boat went off last night. A ship came by and took a tow so you are disappointed again" And we were most certainly, and I spent all my time on the look-out for tug boats.

I went to the East End and soon discerned

two tugs and then a third. They were racing to reach a ship bound in that was yet some distance west of the Farallones. Two were of the "Redstack" line and one of the "Spreckles". They met the ship opposite the Island and the Spreckles & one of the Redstacks turned and followed her, each trying to get the tow.

The third tug, a Redstack, "The Sea King" came to the buoy and her Captain landed. He promised to take us in and we backed up and kept at his signals all day. No ship appeared and we thought we were "in" for another night. About 5 o'clock while at the house we saw the Captain

lumping down from the
lighthouse and felt sure
we were to leave soon.

"Hurry up boys, if you
want to go" he said
and rushing for our baskets
& cameras he bade all
adieu and rapidly made
our way to East Landing.

A short & rough pull by
two of the crew brought
us to the "Sea King". We
got aboard, the tug
whistled and went rapidly
through a rough, choppy
sea toward the vessel.

It was rough indeed but
as we began to feel seasickish
we reached the ship.

A bargain was struck &
we took her in tow. The
weight of the vessel made
the tug run smoothly

and the Captain told us to make ourselves at home in his cabin which we did. He was a gentleman. The trip to San Francisco was very pleasant in the moonlight and we were not at all seasick.

We passed the Golden Gate and had a fine view of the city with its millions of lights. At 11.30 we came into the dock, having been gone 6 days & 18 hours on our trip. It was the best all-round trip I ever made.

A. Balch

RANDOM NOTES

From My Diary of 1892

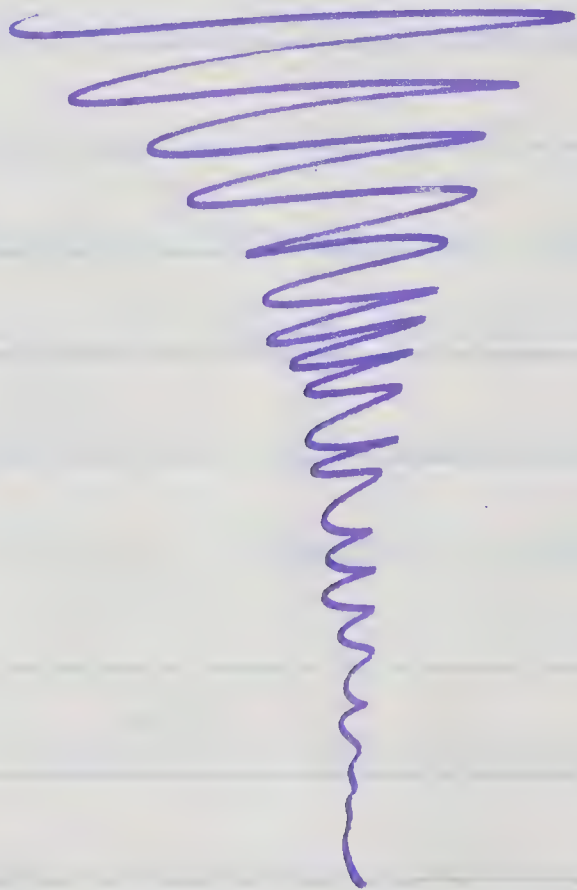
April 10th - Found a butcher-bird's nest in cypress tree containing one egg.

April 15 - Took nest with the 6 eggs of the above pair of birds, showing they had laid 1 egg per day.

Apr 16/92 Discovered two nests of Cal. Bush-tits in large oaks. Didn't try to climb.

4/22/92 Got a "kid" to climb to one of my bush-tit nests and got a set of 7 fresh eggs. They gave me two sets of Samuels' song sparrows 1/3 + 1/4 collected on 19th + 20th.

May 7/92 - Found a nest of
each Bicolored Blackbird &
Sammels Song Sparrow but
neither contained eggs.



- SEASON -

- 1893 -

Jan 22/93. W.H.O. & I took
a walk. Located a pair
of Anna's Hummers but it
is too early for nests

Jan 29/93 - We went to Oak
hill and saw a pair of
W. Redtails in a clump of
white oaks. Too early for
nests. Also saw a Duck

Feb 19/93 - Went to East San
Jose to see Hummers observed
on Jan 22" but could find
no trace of them. Saw
a number of Turkey Vultures
and among others. Bicolored's;
W. Meadow Larks, Cal. Shrike. Ark.
Goldfinches, Cal. Bush-tits

Migratory Warblers, W. Robin etc.

Feb 22/93

Wt/O and myself left San Jose at 7 a.m. and by train and bicycle arrived in the mountains back of Mountain View at 8:30. We thought perhaps a W. Great Horned Owl's nest might show up or possibly a Golden Eagle.

We hunted about three hours and saw plenty of rat's nests and cavities in the large trees but could find no owls.

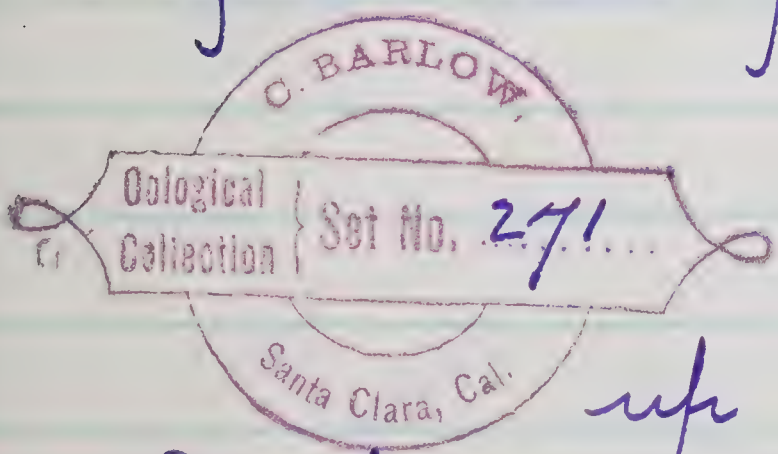
During this time we noted the following species -
W. Meadow Lark. Cal. Shrike.

Calif. Jay, Oregon Junco, Am. Sparrow Hawk, Redtail Hawk.

Turkey Vulture. W. Robin, Sammel's

Song Sparrow, Calif. Quail,
 Calif. Bush-Tit, Anna's
 Hummer, House Finch, Arkansas
 Goldfinch, Lewis (?) Woodpecker,
 Red-shafted Flicker and
 representatives of the Chickadees,
 Nuthatches + Titmice. Also
 saw English Sparrow.

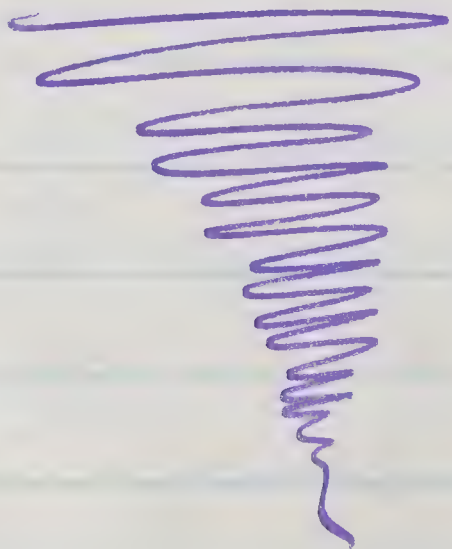
We then rode down
 the mountains to the
 Valley to Oak Grove to a
 place where I have spent
 many days collecting. I
 soon found a nest of Anna's
 Hummer, which was the
 first set of eggs taken this year.



Situated in a
 cypress tree 15 feet
 up on horizontal limb.
 Composed of down, fine bark,
 weeds and lined with
 feathers. Appeared as a ball of

moss from the ground. The
eggs were $\frac{1}{2}$ incubated. One
broke in blowing.

Soon after, "O" discovered
a nest of Anna's Hummer
similarly located but it
contained one small bird
and the other egg probably
hatched before night. We
left it undisturbed. After
packing my nest and
eggs we rode our wheels
to San Jose, and thus
ended the day



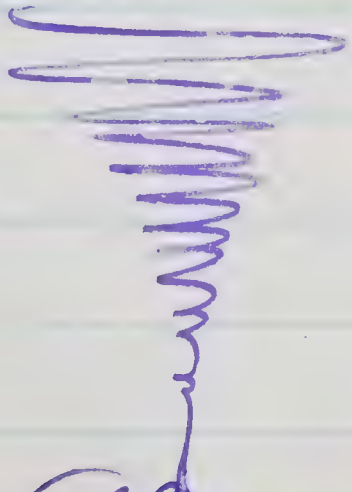
BARLOW

No. 242

Anna's Hummer, nest
and two eggs, fresh.
Collected March 12/93 by
Miss Helen Elliott at
Oak Grove for me. Nest
measures as follows. Diameter
inside 1 inch. Outside $1\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Depth inside $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Outside $1\frac{1}{2}$ "

Composed of down, fine
bark, twigs and feathers,
with a few lichens on it.

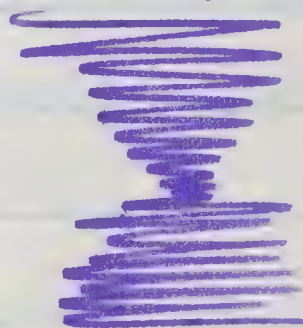
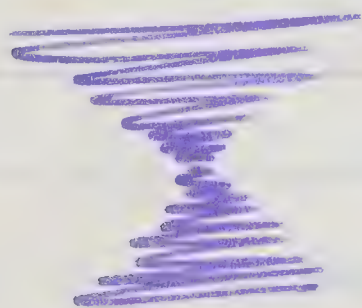
Situated 12 feet from the
ground in cypress-



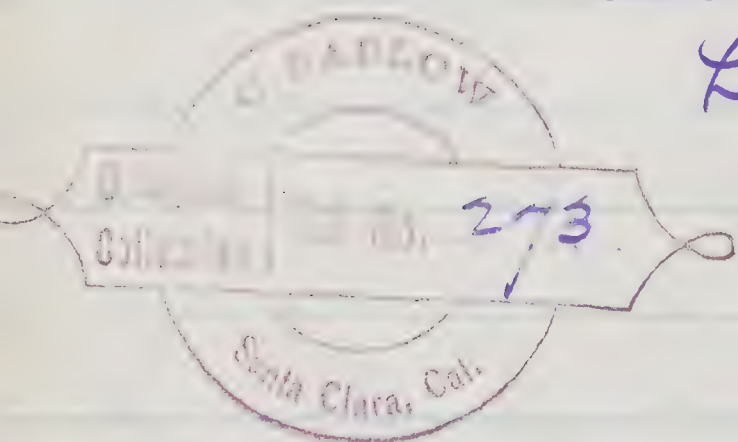
Traded to Almon E. Kibbe
Mar 24/93.

MARCH 24, 1892 — Leroy Atkinson
found a nest of Calif screech
today about 12 ft up in
cypress tree, near College
Park, containing 6 fresh eggs.

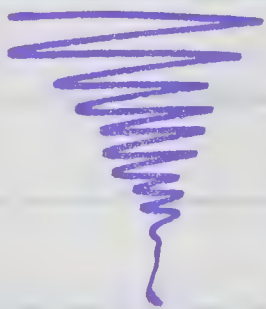
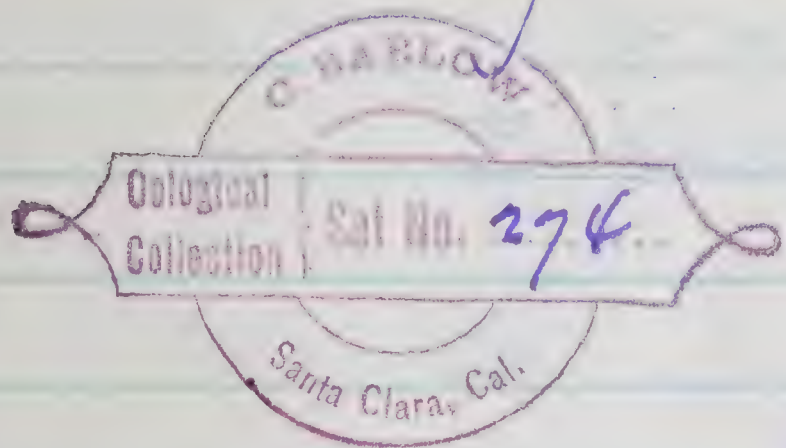
This I consider rather
an early date, because of the
unusually heavy rains for
the season.



Above composed of
straw, string and feathers.
Lined with Coco-hair

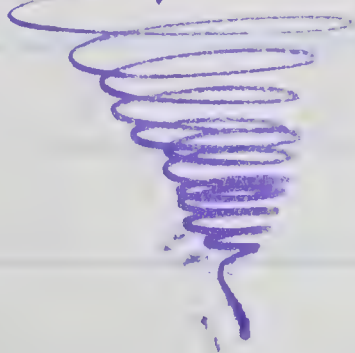


MARCH 26/93 - Anna's hummer
 1/2 taken at Mt. View. Calif.
 Nest 20 feet upon a horizontal
 limb of cypress tree. Composed
 of the usual material



Saturday. March 25/93 -
 Schneider took set Western
 Redtail 1/3 fresh

Saturday Apr 1/93 - W & O
 took a set of 3 unspotted
 Redtails eggs 2/3 incubated



Apr 1st Black Phoebe,
Arkansas Goldfinches etc
are building nests.

Apr. 10th W.C.C. & D
took a 10 mile ride to
a Hawks nest in an
Oak tree 70 feet up. It
proved to contain 2 eggs
almost fresh. Nest large.
Composed of sticks and
had a sack as part of
lining

Apr. 18th
Arkansas Goldfinches
nesting. Bushtits not
numerous. - Black Phoebe's
nest contains one egg.
Took a walk down the
Creek. Know of a Cal
Towhee's nest building.


House Finches & Shrikes
are nesting right along.



Apr ¹⁹~~20~~/93- Went below
the Santa Clara Bridge
on the Guadalupe
Creek and found it an
excellent place. There
were many kinds of
birds to be seen. I
discovered a Arkansas
Goldfinch's nest in
an oak tree on a limb
overhanging the Creek
but could reach it.

While looking at it
an Anna's Hummer
was flitting around
and alighting on the
dead twigs of a low
limb of the Oak. Finally
she settled and I saw

the nest - a beauty. It was about 5 feet from the ground and easily reached. But, sad to relate, one egg broke in the box while I was riding home. I saw over a dozen Rufous Hummers in an apple orchard but evidently they were not yet nesting.

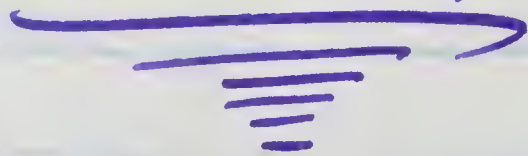


April 20/93- Went down
the Creek this evening.

I located a nest of Song
Sparrow with no eggs
yet, and also a nest
resembling this Sparrow
built in a bunch of drift
material. A small yellow
bird, neither a Yellow
Warbler or W. Yellowthroat
made a big fuss when I
approached it so I think
it belonged to this bird.
As there were no eggs I
left it to await develop-
ment.

A short distance
further I came across
a Song Sparrows nest
built in a low willow
bush out over the creek.
It contained 3 eggs, and I
thought of leaving it

to see if a 4th would be
laid but decided not to.
When I took them home
and attempted to blow them
I found they contained
young birds, about to hatch.
This set must have been
laid rather early



Apr 21/93- I took a spin
down to the marsh south
of the 5 mile house. I saw
hundreds of Peacocks
and many Coots swimming
about in the water and a
number of ducks circling
overhead. I waded around
about 5 minutes and
found I was about a week
too early. I saw a pair
of Kingbirds on a fence. As I
started late, I made a
short visit. —

Apr. 25/93- Went after
 Brewer's Blackbird's eggs. Received
 & helped take $1/6$, $2/5$, $3/4$ and
 Crimson House Finch $1/3$
 The Blackbirds were
 in willow trees and
 cypress trees not
 over 15 feet above the
 ground. Made of sticks, mud
etc.

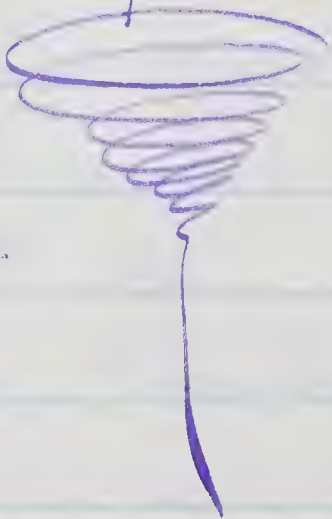
~*~

Apr. 26/93- Went to the
 Creek near Santa Clara
 bridge and saw a Black
 Phoebe's nest on a beam.
 It proved to contain four
 eggs somewhat incubated
 which I took with nest.
 I also noticed a Bush-Tits
 nest up in an Oak tree
 near the Bridge and "O"
 climbed it on ladders

46

It was a very fine nest
and contained 8 eggs which
is above the average. We
then went down the
creek and saw many birds
but took no eggs. A nest
of the Song Sparrow which
I discovered two days ago
with 1 egg, still contained
but one egg.

On the way back
I found six Duck eggs
under a bush, which
were probably domestic



Friday April 29/93. This afternoon I went to Mountain View to look more particularly for nests of Calif Jay and Thrasher. I searched in the cypress trees for Hummers & Goldfinches but found none. I went to an oak tree where I found a Barn Owl's nest two years ago, and decided to climb to it. When almost up I was pleased to see the Owl leave the cavity. There were no eggs yet and I decided to come again later.

Next I went to an oak where I was told a Screech Owl nested last year. I saw a rotten cavity about 12

Let up and got a hole to poke
around in the hole with.
Suddenly a little bird dashed
out and lit on a tree
near by. It was a Plain
Tit. I climbed the tree
and at the bottom of a
crack in the limb I saw
several young birds in a
nest of feathers. I did
not disturb them.

I next struck out for
the Creek and had a
long tramp up one side
and down the other.
I saw but one Cal-jay and
no Thrashers. It
was evident they had
left the locality. I saw
a number of small
creek birds but it was
too early for nests.

In crossing a

grain field I saw to my joy, two beautiful snow-white birds with black tipped wings soaring gracefully above the tree-tops. They frequently uttered a short, shrill whistle. I identified them as White-tailed Kites as I found a nest, probably of these same birds, several years ago.

I was then on the alert for their nest. They settled on a small white oak tree, but I failed to see any nest. One of the birds hovered over an Oak tree for several moments and then sailed off. I finally came to this

1919

~~200~~

100

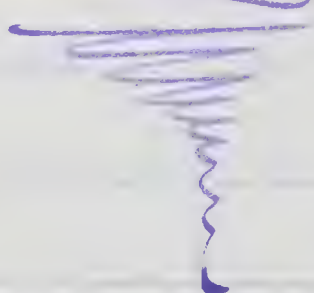
tree and on the end of one of the top limbs, probably 40 feet from the ground, I saw a nest which I think was the Kites' nest. It may possibly have been a rats nest but was black like a fawns nest.

I was about to climb the tree when the owner of the place came and "fired" me. I was obliged to leave but intend to go there again in a few days and make

the climb. This ended the day and I had a 15 mile ride home, and though I didn't take an egg I was more than satisfied with the afternoon's trip.

May 1st /93. Having the afternoon to myself I left home on my wheel at 1130 and in an hour's ride arrived at the marsh. Bicolored & Brewers Blackbirds were plentiful and I saw a few Yellow-headed's also. It was evident some one had been through the place as there were many tracks in the tules. I searched up a few Coots, but found no nests. I turned back and while going through a field of clover & marsh grass I flushed a Mallard from her nest. She left with a "quack" and flew wildly away.

202
I looked about three feet ahead and saw a fine clutch of eleven eggs of a bluish-gray color, in a beautiful nest of down and feathers. It was nicely concealed in the grass. I photographed the nest and went on toward the road. I took a set of 3 Bi-colored Blackbirds, incubation begun. I had a hard ride home, against the wind.



Wed. May 3rd 1893

I went to Mt View
this P.M. and climbed
the tree containing nest
I found on 29th of April.
supposed to be a Kite

It proved to be an old
one and I looked in
vain for a new nest.

I saw four Kites
which indicate two
sets of eggs to be laid
somewhere in that
locality this year. My
Barn Owls nest contained
no eggs.

May 5th At 5 P.M.
Osgood I went to
the small and big
marshes more particular-
ly for Ducks nest. We
dragged the grass without

success and went to the
big marsh, where I
took Am Coot $1/4$ + Bi. Col.
Blackbird $1/3$.

Osgood found a Marsh
Wren's nest with five
eggs. The water was
deep and progress was
slow

May 6/93 Atkinson
took two sets $1/4$ + $1/5$ of
Yellow Warbler yesterday
and also found 3 nests
of 2 eggs each. They
also took a set of 6
Bush. Tits in Willow
bush. 10 feet up

May 11/93. I went
down the Creek this
evening to see my
rare nest which
proved to be a Pileolated
Warblers' and it contained
four handsome eggs.
a deep creamy red in
color, with a wreath
of brown around the
large end. They were
badly incubated and two
broke in blowing. I shot
the bird and preserved
the skin. The nest
was made of grass
and stems and lined
with brown and white
horse hair. It was
placed in the crotch
of a horizontal willow
limb on drift material
and was $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet from

the ground. Nest:- Dia.
outside 3 inches; Inside -
2 in. - Depth outside, $2\frac{3}{4}$ in
inside $1\frac{1}{2}$ in

May 1893- Went down
the Creek and took
a set of four Yellow
Warblers. from a maple
bush and also my
first set of 3. Russet-backs
for this year. from a
maple bush. 6 feet up.
Many new nests
were seen.

May 22/93. Went to
Mt View on early train
reaching the ranch
at 8 o'clock. My Barn Owls
nest contained no eggs
but many feathers
showing it was inhabit-
ed.

I noticed a Woodpecker
hole in a stub of an
oak and forked my
finger in where
Screen Owl flew out
at the top. She alighted
on a limb of the tree,
looked at me a moment
and swiftly flew past me
into the hole again. The
cavity ran straight down
and was four feet deep
so I couldn't see the
bottom. I tied my bunch
of keys to a string and let

them down and jingled them vigorously. Then I pounded on the stub but no Owl came out. I thought that certainly no bird would stay there when annoyed so much.

I then got a hatchet and after 10 minutes work chopped a hole through to the cavity. I had hit it exactly for the opening showed the back of the Owl. I found three young owls, their eyes not open. I cannot understand how the bird stood the noise & jam of my cutting without leaving the nest.

Soon after I secured three sets of four each of the Cliff Swallow under eaves of a barn and

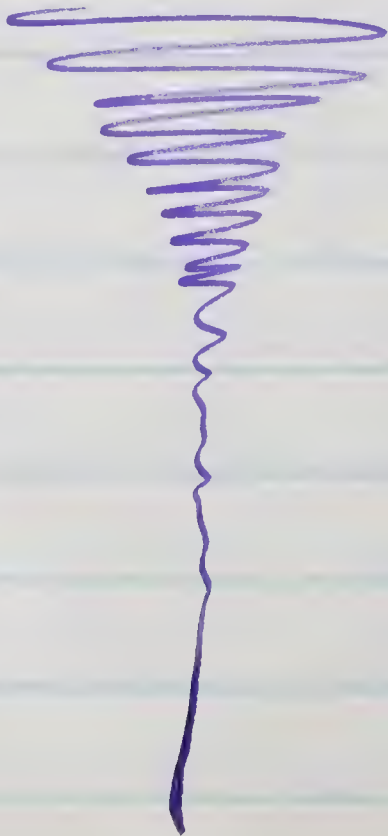
found a Barn Swallow's
containing young.

In an oak. I found
several Brewer's Blackbirds
nest - one containing ⁱⁿ four
eggs, another several
young; the third an
old nest; the fourth
new with no eggs and
the fifth four young
birds, all dead, from some
cause. In the same
tree I found a last
year's Oriole nest.

Resuming my hunt
a nest of two dead
young Cliffing Sparrows
was found and later
on a nest of Anna's
Hummer, just started in
building.

In the afternoon I
made a special trip

to the haunts of the
White-tailed Osprey, being
gone 5 hours. There two
fair I saw on the 3rd
were no where in
sight and I could find
no nest. I climbed to
the old one again and
it was full of emptiness.
I tore it down. It was
made of twigs as large
as a lead pencil and
had been lined with
what had evidently been
grass, which had rotted.



May 25/93. Paid a visit
to the Creek this PM
at 5 o'clock with fair
success. I first went
to a Blk-headed
Grosbeaks nest found
on the 18th. It contained
3 fresh eggs. Nest placed
6 feet up in fork of
willow bush. I took
the nest.

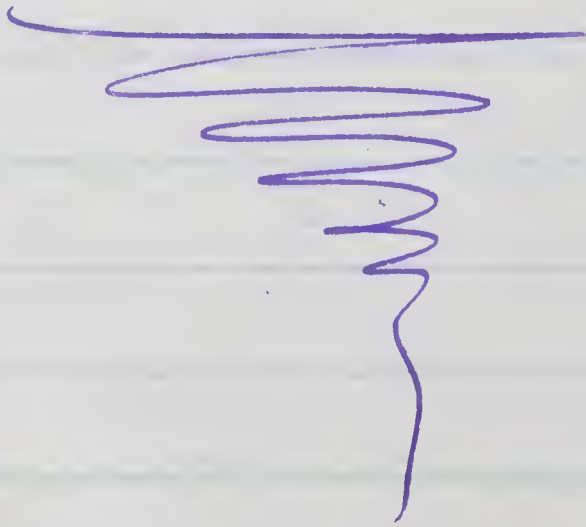
Further on I discovered
a *Thrusis* nest 10 ft
up on limb of a maple
tree containing 3 eggs
fresh. (set mark 5/3), and
near by a nest of same
bird built on a mass
of rubbish 1 1/2 feet up.
This contained 4
eggs incubation begun.

(6/4)

Crossing the Creek

I found another *Thrusis*
nest with four eggs in it.
4 feet up in willow
bush & made as usual.
Incubation $\frac{1}{2}$ along ($\frac{7}{4}$).

As I neared the
bridge a pair of Grosbeaks
attracted my attention
& I found the nest
about 10 feet up in
the extreme top of a
maple sapling. I
finally beat the bird
down & secured 3
eggs about $\frac{1}{2}$ incubated
($\frac{3}{3}$)



May 30th Six o'clock
this a.m. Schneider, myself
and two others left in
a carriage, with Painton
on a wheel for a
collecting ground, noted
more especially for the
numerous hummers nests
to be found there.

We arrived there
early and at once began
collecting. While I
was climbing a willow
stub to feel in a wood
pecker's hole Schneider
bagged a set of 3 Lazulis
& one of 4 Arkansas Goldfinch.
He, however, dropped two
of the former and
picked one of the Canary's.
I didn't get any Wood
peckers & we started
down the Creek

I discovered a nest about 25 feet from the ground on drooping limb of a scrub oak. I climbed for it and found a Warbling Vireo sitting on the nest. She didn't leave until I almost touched her. I secured 4 eggs which I took with the handsome nest. Incubation, several days. In the same tree I took a set of Dove's on a mere platform of twigs on horizontal limb about 15 feet up. Fresh.

Farther on I found an Oriole's nest with no eggs.

Schneider secured a set of incubated Hummers in a sycamore and took them.

I also took a set of

4 Yellow Warbler.

This ended Schneider's
 & my luck. Pinton
 took two sets of Hummers
 & several new nests,
 also Grosbeak $\frac{1}{3}$ & W. Wood
 Pewee $\frac{1}{3}$ but broke one.

The other boys took
 a set of 7 Parkman's
 Wren and found a
 Kingbird's nest with
 2 eggs. which they left.

I saw several
 unfinished nests of
 Western Flycatcher and
 climbed to a Tree
 Swallow's nest with
 young. Altogether it was
 a pleasant trip & "we
 returned home, tired
 but happy!"

Dec 25/94. Went to
 near Mt. Tim in quest of
 skins and took the
 following: 9 Western
 Robins - 2 W. Bluebirds -
 3 Audubon's Warblers - 1
 Wilson's Hawk, Finch -
 1 Lutescent Warbler - 2
 Gr. Pipits and 1 Plain
 Tit - a fine day -
 collecting

Also took a sharp
 shinned Hawk near
 Alameda.

Rolls & Ben of
 Bergeon records a
 photo of the Sharp-shinned
Accipiter velox in the
 Spring of 1893

Season of 1894-

Jan 15/94. Took a
ride today to Mayfield.
It was a cloudy day
with a strong wind
blowing from the south
favoring rain, and I
had never noticed
such a multitude
of bird life about
this time.

Meadow Larks
were thick all along
the road, as were
also *Merula migratoria*
Prospingna.

Sparrows of many
species abundant and
Sparrow Hawks were
seen.

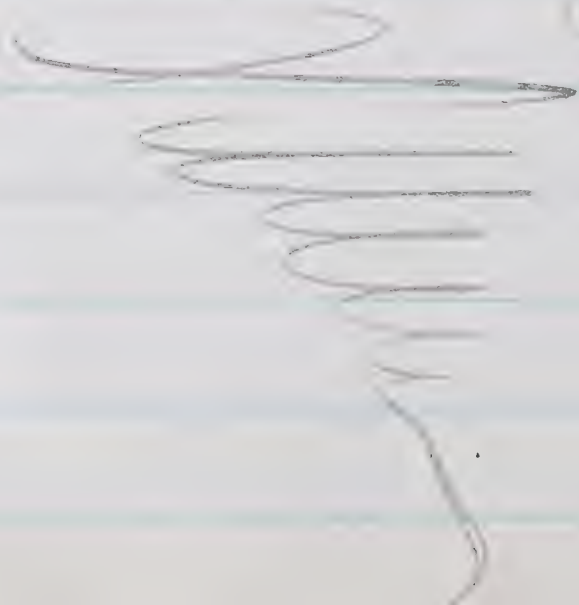
The numerous
flocks of *Lawrence's Chondestes*

Goldfinches were particularly noticeable. In one place there were 6 telegraph wires side by side. Each one was crowded with birds - Goldfinches - for a length of about 15 feet each. And they were so closely packed together as if placed there by hand!

I estimated there were about 200 in the flock. All were brilliantly singing - a veritable

bird chorus

Came home
gritting teeth of a gal,
tired & home



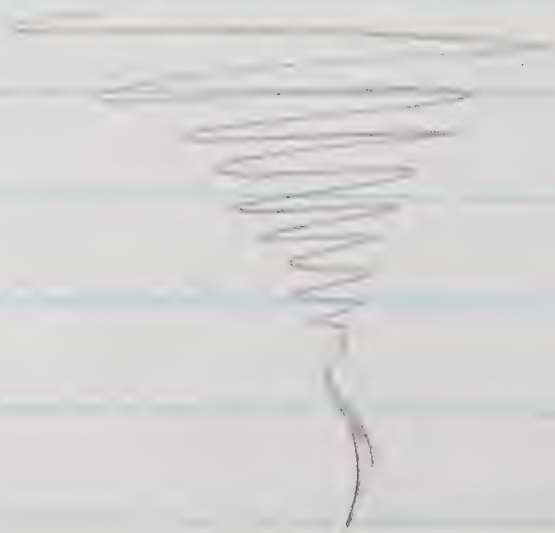
July 11/94. Went out
before breakfast at the
branch to look for hummers.
It was a bright morning.
Several pairs of hummers
were noted but all
were not nesting. Finally
I spotted a set nest about
15 feet up on horizontal
limb of cypress. The
bird was on the nest.

I found it to contain
two eggs, slightly incubated.
The nest was made of
the usual wooly substances
and lined with blue
feathers evidently from
the W. Bluebird. The
outside was covered with
lichen & spider webs.
I took the nest with
limb & several cypress
nuts on it.

The birds sat indifferently
on a dead limb a few
yards off, only once or
twice darting about
defiantly.

I also found a
nest in the same tree,
on the opposite side of
Amis Summer and
the bird on, but on
climbing to it, it proved
to be a last years
nest, which they are
repairing and which
promises to contain eggs
in a week.

All kinds of bird
life was abundant.



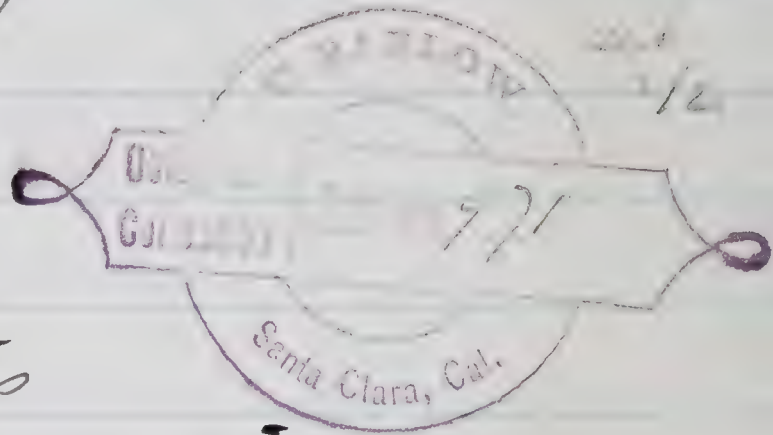
July 22/94 - Arrived at 11:00
 left at 7:20 and walked
 down the railroad to
 the ranch. Discovered
 a nest of the W Redtail
 with both birds setting
 status-lins in the tree. It
 is in an oak about 90
 feet up and a hard climb
 I probably the nest soon.

I spent the day
 collecting eggs & skins.

I shot 5 - W Robins - 3
 Varied Thrush - 3 Dwarf
 Hermit Thrushes - 1
 Bush Tit - 1 Audubons
 Warbler - 1 Kinglet - 1
 Vigors Wren. & Inco's.

Today I collected
 the set of Anna's Hummer
 yesterday the 21st - it
 being the nest I ob-
 served building on the 11th

located about 15 feet up on
 a cypress limb on
 west side of tree -
 This nest is built
 on the remains of a
 last years one and is
 lined with feathers, giving
 it a slovely appearance.
 Lined with feathers on outside.

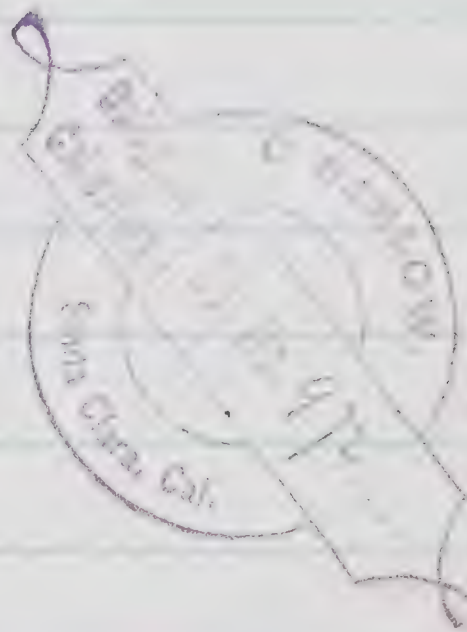


There also discovered a
 nest containing young
 in a cypress tree on east
 side.

I located two
 nests in cypress
 building and eggs
 eggs in a cypress tree.

I found another
 nest of Anna's Hummer
 located in a cypress tree
 poor, branches about
 20 feet up. The bird

flying to it attracted
 my attention. It was
 placed at the intersection
 of a number of small
 branches. Made of
 every material, red con-
 crete and prettily
 decorated with
 lichen. I secured
 the nest with
 a stick and reached
 the ground after a
 gymnastic climb.
 Two eggs fresh.



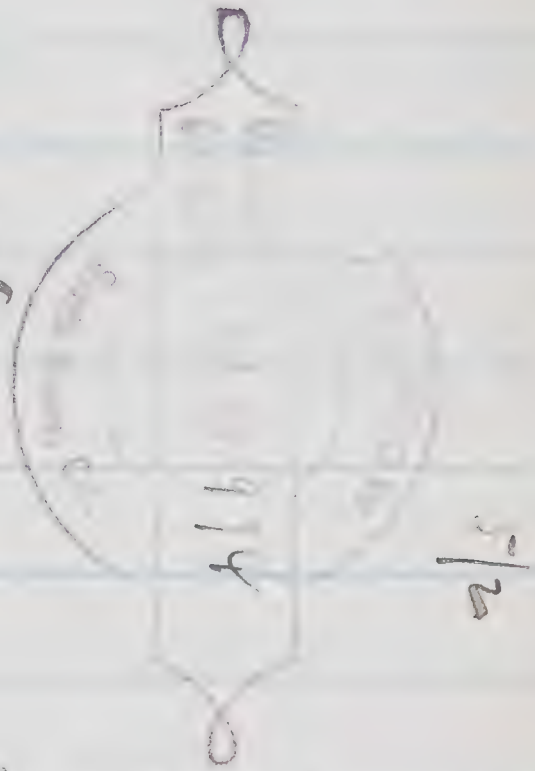
Still again while
 shooting under a
 oak, I secured a
 Hummer and
 discovered its
 nest. It contained
 two eggs, fresh.
 This nest was lined with



small feathers and had
 quite the usual ticks.
 Constructed built on a $\frac{3}{4}$
 inch thick wooden base
 covered. Height about
 15 feet. Sharp feathers
 started at me repeatedly.
 Thus ended the trip

2/22/94 Reminded
 took a sub W 1st Home
 Owl 1/3 today.

Feb. 28/94. Went to
Mt. Fair this pm and
took another set of
Anna's Hummers $\frac{1}{2}$
incubation just be-
gun. Nest was placed
on a cypress limb
about 15 ft up.
Made of usual
material and
lined with feathers.
I secured it on limb. Each side,



March 4/94. Today I
rode down to Mt. Fair
and took another set
of Hummers. Incubation
was begun. Nest
placed on a very
small twig of
a cypress tree, branching
out from beneath a large
limb. About 12 feet



In on each side of tree.
 neatly made of all
 sorts of woolly material
 and lined with feathers,
 the rim of the nest being
 decorated with brown
 feathers of the Robin.

==

As I crossed the
 avenue I was carelessly
 looking about when I
 turned around and
 there - about 3 feet
 from me on a cypress
 limb was another
 nest. The bird was on.
 I secured it somehow.
 It was about 7 feet up
 easily reached. On
 each side of tree.
 Nest composed of
 woolly material and
 very neatly lined.

It had in it one large
feather, - apparently one
of an owl or hawk.

Its bottom were
eucalyptus down etc.

It was a rather
shallow nest, but sub-
stantially made.

I observed a wood-
pecker hopping about
on a pine tree. It
was larger than a
Gairdner's and not a
Californian. Its head
was entirely red. It
uttered a single sharp
note, very much like
a chicken which has
something stuck in
its throat - (Red breasted
Pipit)

Nov 15/94 All the season
 of June have collected
 a collection of 15,000.
 eye sheet half a day
 with me, on his
 return from Holstein.
 He has taken out the
 11th eagle $\frac{1}{1} - \frac{1}{2}$, and
 brought 4 of his foreign
 collected sets along
 also, which, together with
 mine I photographed.

Mch 17th/94. - Good -
 went to Mr. New this p.m.
 and, tried to find
 nests for eggs but got
 none. Apparently too
 early.

Mch 18/94 Went
 to Mr. New today
 took another set of
 Hummers in a cypress
 tree about 15 feet up
 on horizontal limb.
 Nest as usual -
 rather loosely made.



Also found a nest
 building in a cypress
 nearly. Examined
 a last years Plain Tit
 nest, but there were no
 eggs but considerable
 material in the hole.

Dec 20/44 - Found a *Chloris*
 nest under and also
 in a scrubby
 willow tree 10 feet up.
 Containing 4 eggs.
 grass stems eaten.
 Incubation
 3 or 4 days -



March 24/94

Went to

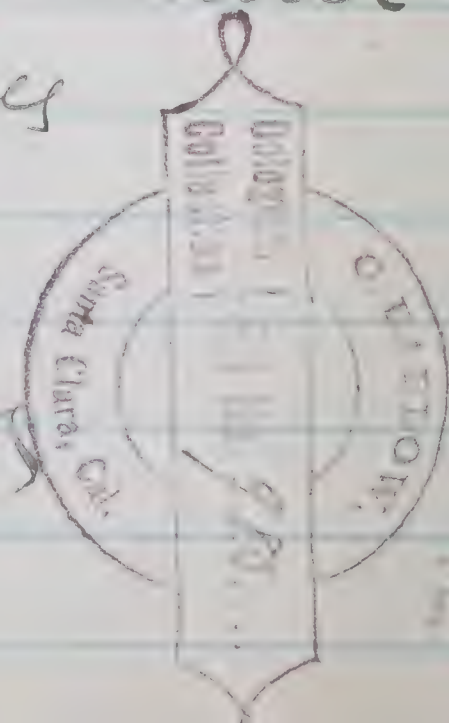
McVie and inspected
a few Redtails nest, but
it was not in use.

I climbed to my
Barn Owls nest and
the Owl flew out and
lit on an oak nearby.
Then she flew to a
row of cypress trees
and they remained
for some time.

After I had
left the nest and gone
a long ways from it
I noticed the Owl
soaring about at
a great height and
at a distance it would
easily have been taken
for a hawk sailing
in motionless wings.
It was the last time I

have ever seen an Owl
soaring in the day time.
Its flight was a speed
with grace and
ease. Finally the
bird circled over
the tree containing
her nest-hole and
having apparently
satisfied herself that
the Coast was clear
she dropped from
her elevation into the
empty with astonishing
rapidity.

I took another
shot of Lumps Summer
1/2, from a Cypress tree
about 14 feet up.
The nest was the
nest of one I have
taken this year.
Incubation was



about 10 days advanced.

Later - The eggs were
about 5th incubated. One
broke in blowing.

March 26/94 Went
to a field near Santa
Clara and took a set
of Cal. Shrike 1/5. The
nest had for some
reason been deserted
and the eggs had begun
to dry up and settle.

Nest placed in drooping
branch of a scrub willow
over a brook. Made
of usual woody materials
Placed 9 feet up

Set 2/5 -

No 981

March 31/94 Found
 2nd Burial 1/4 from a
 nest placed 10 feet
 up in scrub willow
 tree on roadside. On
 Brown road composed
 of usual material
 and lined with twigs
 Set 982 - 3/4 -

Apr 1st/94 Went
 today at Cafayenas
 Valley with a fishing
 party. Turning out at
 4:30 I had a good
 opportunity to explore
 the mountains.
 I found about
 10 old Hawk nests
 and found two which
 were freshly lined
 with Spanish moss

no eggs had been
laid yet. One
in a sycamore & the
other in oak tree.

1 shot 2 birds

1 Blackbird - 1 goldfinch

1 crow 1 sparrow - 1

1 juncos 1 sparrow

1 Hawk - 1 Nuttall's Wood

pecker & a Meadow Lark

Had a very

interesting trip among

the hills. Returned

home Sunday night



April 3/94 Went
down the Cherry Road
and took a set of
6 Berries. Nest
in a scrub willow
15 feet up. Composed
of sticks grass, rags
etc with a neat
lining of wool.
Incubation began.



Apl. 9th Taylor took, Kate 45.
Golden Eagle, 43. Fresh.
Red Bellied Hawk 13 near
Sawtooth today.

Apr 8/94 Went to Mr
Grier to visit the
Katy rookery. Not a
bird was visible - either
too early or killed off.
I climbed to my Oak
tree and as usual
the female flew out.
Upon looking into the
cavity 4 eggs greeted
my gaze. They were the
first I had ever col-
lected. Probably more
will be laid & I will
go again soon. Height
about 15 feet in cavity
of an oak.

Noted a pair of Violet-
Green Swallows entering
an oak knot hole where
they have nested for a
number of years.

Wed. April 11th - Went
down the Licks Mills
Road and tried several
cavities in dead poplars.
Finally in one a Screech
Owl was found. As I
began the ascent the bird
came to the mouth
of the hole - sat for
several moments
until I made a move
to climb, when she
flew out. This cavity
contained 1 egg.

Thursday April 12th
At 5 p.m. I looked out
the Paratoga Creek with
Osgood to an Owl's nest.
There was some grass
to cover and an Eagle
nest in a tall redwood.
The owl's nest was

placed on the side of a bank which curved in. Water was drifting down in front. I ran nearing the nest the bird flew out and swiftly flew to a rock in the Creek where she began her uttering motion.

The nest contained four fresh eggs. Nest made of moss entirely. Sunken into a small irregular cavity in the bank about 12 feet up.

The Quail flew not repeatedly uttering a shrill cackling note & alighted near the nest. Finally I threw a rock at her, when she flew

July, Wrens - two
small Rail.

Also 9 Gulls -
probably Herrmanns -
fly out of the tides
land, soar above the
marsh.

"

April 15th Went to
Mt View, and climbed
my Owl nest which
contained two more
eggs which complete
the set (4 taken the 8th).
A small dead Gopher
was in the cavity, upon
which the Owl was about
to feed when I flushed
her.

Went to the Katy
place and while walking
pleasurably along I saw

pleased to see a beautiful
 Kite rise above the
 tree-tops. My fears
 of their having left the
 locality were dispelled.
 I immediately began
 search for a nest but
 after three hours careful
 search through all the trees
 in several acres I de-
 cided they had just
 arrived. I found their
 last years nest in a
 small scrub oak about
 15 feet up, placed in the
 extreme top. From this
 ground it appeared
 no larger than a
 Bluejay's nest but on
 climbing to it I found
 it to be a foot across
 and very nearly flat.
 It had been lined

with long grass. In it
were the dried skeletons
of a number of field
mice, and the edge
of the nest gave evi-
dence of young having
been reared in it.

I finally saw
both birds leave a small
cluster of oats, and utter
their sharp plaintive
whistle. I found several
small accumulations
of sticks and I think
a nest will be built
soon and eggs laid
by May 1st.

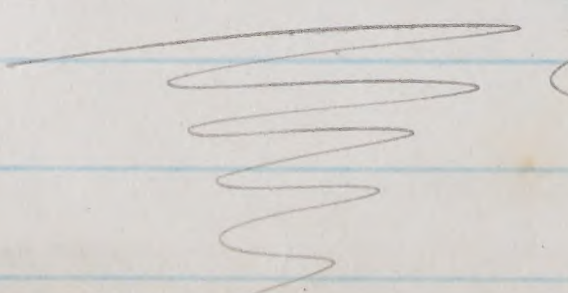
Apr 16th/94 Went to the
Serech Owl hole, found
on the 11th and there
were 3 eggs which I took.
As the female was in
fine plumage I killed her
and brought her home
to skin.

Nest in cavity
10 inches deep. near the
top of a dead poplar stub.
10 feet up.

Dissection showed
the full set had been
laid.

This was the 1st
set of Calu Serech Owl
eggs I had ever found.

Although I had found
nests containing young.



NESTING OF GREAT HORNED OWL.

Notes From Williamson & Chadwick, Loring, Kansas.

--0--

Our experience with Great Horned Owl in this locality has been quite extensive. But as to what the Western species are in the habits of nesting we cannot say. However, we may give you a little of our vast experience and trust you may derive some benefit from it. To our knowledge there has come but one instance of this Owl laying in an nest. This set was taken by Mr. Williamson on the 30th of Jan. 1892 near Lawrence, Kansas. All others have invariably taken from cavities of trees. We have collected a number of sets from trees in cavities. We have never noted a set of these being deposited in a cavity that exceeded 2 feet in depth, most all being just deep enough to hide the parent and young. Sycamore trees in this locality seem to be the favorite retreat. Elms are also used a great deal. Low lands are the favorite resort. We have never known a set to be located on an up-land or on a hill. But very small creeks are often chosen. Large trees are thier favorite nesting sites. The cavities range from 20 to 90 feet in heighth.

We do not lay stress on rapping them out as some of our books state. But if you discover a good cavity and cannot flush the Owl, climb it. Droppings under the tree is a fine sign. Feathers are very often observed around the occupied cavity and on its edges. If you flush an Owl at roost in the day-time make very close observations around the surrounding trees, as the male, to our knowledge, always keeps as close as convenient to the nest in hiding. Don't miss a single cavity. Droppings around adjoining tree .is an excellent sign also.

